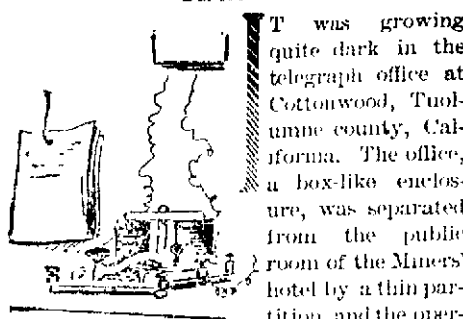


THE GREAT DEADWOOD MYSTERY.

BY BRET HARTE.

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PART I.



It was growing quite dark in the telegraph office at Cottonwood, Tuolumne county, California. The office, a box-like enclosure, was separated from the public room of the miners' hotel by a thin partition, and the operator, who was also news and express agent at Cottonwood, had closed his window, and was lounging by his news stand preparatory to going home. Without, the first monotonous rain of the season was dripping from the porches of the hotel in the waning light of a December day. The operator, accustomed as he was to long intervals of idleness, was fast becoming bored.

The tread of mud-muffled boots on the veranda, and the entrance of two men, offered a momentary excitement. He recognized in the strangers two prominent citizens of Cottonwood; and their manner bespoke business. One of them proceeded to the desk, wrote a dispatch, and handed it to the other inter-regally.

"That's about the way the thing pints," responded his companion assentingly.

"I reckoned it only squire to use his diabolical words."

"That's so."

The first speaker turned to the operator with the dispatch.

"How soon can you shove her through?"

The operator glanced professionally over the address and the length of the dispatch.

"Now," he answered promptly.

"And she gets there?"

"To-night. But there's no delivery until to-morrow."

"Shove her through to-night, and say there's an extra twenty left here for delivery."



"Shove her through to-night."

The operator, accustomed to all kinds of extravagant outlay for expedition, replied that he would lay this proposition, with the dispatch, before the San Francisco office. He then took it and read it and re-read it. He preserved the usual professional apathy—had doubtless sent many more enigmatical and mysterious messages—but nevertheless, when he finished, he raised his eyes inquiringly to his customer. That gentleman, who enjoyed a reputation for equal spontaneity of temper and revolver, met his gaze a little impatiently. The operator had recourse to a trick. Under the pretence of misunderstanding the message, he obliged the sender to repeat it aloud for the sake of accuracy, and even suggested a few verbal alterations, ostensibly to insure correctness, but really to extract further information. Nevertheless, the man doggedly persisted in a literal transcript of his message. The operator went to his instrument hesitatingly.

"I suppose," he added half questioningly, "there ain't no chance of a mistake. This address is Rightbody, that rich old Bostonian that everybody knows. There ain't but one."

"That's the address," responded the first speaker coolly.

"Didn't know the old chap had investments out here," suggested the operator, lingering at his instrument.

"No more did I," was the insufficient reply. For some few moments nothing was heard but the click of the instrument, as the operator worked the key, with the usual appearance of imparting confidence to a somewhat reluctant hearer who preferred to talk himself. The two men stood by, watching his motions with the usual awe of the unprofessional. When he had finished they laid before him two gold pieces. As the operator took them he went not help saying:

"The old man he could not tell sudden, didn't he? Had no time to write?"

"Not sudden for that kind of man," was the exasperating reply.

But the speaker was not to be disconcerted. "If there is an answer—" he began.

"There ain't any," replied the first speaker, quietly.

"Why?"

"Because the man ez sent the message is dead."

"But it's signed by you two."

"By ez witnesses—eh?" appealed the first speaker to his comrade.

"By ez witnesses," responded the other.

The operator shrugged his shoulders. The business concluded, the first speaker slightly bowed to the operator, and turned to the bar room with a flourishing social smile. When their glasses were set down on the bar, the first speaker, with a cheerful countenance, turned to the second and said, "Well, how do you like the weather?"

"All right," replied the other, with a previous proceeding.

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The message lagged a little at San Francisco, laid over half an hour at Chicago, and fought longitude the whole way; so that it was past mid night when the "all night" operator took it from the wires at Boston. Put it was freighted with a mandate from the San Francisco office; and a messenger was procured, who sped with it through dark snow bound streets, between the high walls of close-shuttered rayless houses, to a certain formal square, ghostly with snow covered statues. Here he ascended the broad steps of a reserved and solid looking mansion, and pulled a bronze bell knob, that somewhere within these cluster-roses, after an apparent reflective pause, coldly communicated the fact that a stranger was waiting without—as he ought. Despite the lateness of the hour, there was a slight glow from the windows, clearly not enough to warm the messenger with indications of a festivity within, but yet bespeaking, as it were, some prolonged though subdued excitement. The sober servant who took the dispatch, and receipted for it as gravely as if witnessing a last will and testament, respectfully paused before the entrance of the drawing room. The sound of measured and rhetorical speech, through which the occasional catarrhal cough of the New England coast struggled, as the only effect of nature not wholly repressed, came from its heavily-curtained recesses; for the occasion of the evening had been the reception and entertainment of various distinguished persons, and, as had been epigrammatically expressed by one of the guests, "the history of the country" was taking its leave in phrases more or less memorable and characteristic. Some of these, valedictory axioms were clever, some witty, a few profound, but always left as a genteel contribution to the entertainer. Some had been already prepared, and, like a card, had served and identified the guest at other mansions.

The last guest departed, the last carriage rolled away, when the servant ventured to indicate the existence of the dispatch to his master, who was standing on the hearth rug in an attitude of wearied self-righteousness. He took it, opened it, read it, re-read it, and said:

"There must be some mistake! It is not for me. Call the boy, Waters."

Waters, who was perfectly aware that the boy had left, nevertheless obediently walked toward the hall door, but was recalled by his master.

"No matter—at present!"

"It's nothing serious, William?" asked Mrs. Rightbody, with languid wifely concern.

"No, nothing. Is there a light in my study?"

"Yes. But before you go, can you give me a moment or two?"

Mr. Rightbody turned a little impatiently toward his wife. She had thrown herself languidly on the sofa; her hair was slightly disarranged, and part of a slipped foot was visible. She might have been a finely formed woman; but even her careless deshabille left the general impression that she was severely flannelled throughout, and that any ostentation of womanly charms was under vigorous sanitary surveillance.

"Mrs. Marvin told me to-night that her son made no secret of his serious attachment for our Alice, and that, if I was satisfied, Mr. Marvin would be glad to confer with you at once."

The information did not seem to absorb Mr. Rightbody's wandering attention, but rather increased his impatience. He said hastily that he would speak of that to-morrow, and partly by way of reprisal, and partly to dismiss the subject, added:

"Positively James must pay some attention to the register and the thermometer. It was over 70 degrees to-night, and the ventilating draft was closed in the drawing room."

"That was because Professor Ammon sat near it, and the old gentleman's tongs are so sensitive."

"He ought to know from Dr. Dyer Doit that systematic and regular exposure to draughts stimulates the mucous membrane; while fixed air over sixty degrees invariably—"

"I am afraid, William," interrupted Mrs. Rightbody, with feminine adroitness, adopting her husband's topic with a view of thereby directing him from it; "I'm afraid that people do not yet appreciate the substitution of bouillon for punch and ices. I observed that Mr. Spondee declined it, and, I fancied, looked disappointed. The fibrous and wheat in liqueur glasses passed quite unnoticed, too."

"And yet each half drachm contained the half-digested substance of a pound of beef. I'm surprised at Spondee!" continued Mr. Rightbody, aggrievedly. "Exhausting his brain and nerve force by the highest creative efforts of the Muse, he prefers perfumed and diluted alcohol flavored with carbonic acid gas. Even Mrs. Faringway admitted to me that the sudden lowering of the temperature of the stomach by the introduction of ice—"

"Yes; but she took a lemon ice at the last Dorothea reception, and asked me if I had observed that the lower animals refused their food at a temperature over sixty degrees."

Mr. Rightbody again moved impatiently towards the door. Mrs. Rightbody eyed him curiously.

"You will not write, I hope? Dr. Kepler told me to-night that your celestial sym toms interdicted any prolonged mental strain."

"I must consult a few papers," responded Mr. Rightbody, curtly, as he entered his library.

It was a richly furnished apartment, morbidly severe in its decorations, which were symptomatic of a gloomy dyspepsia of art, then quite prevalent. A few caries, very ugly, but providentially equally rare, were scattered about. There were various bronzes, marbles and casts, all requiring explanation, and so fulfilling their purpose of promoting conversation and exhibiting the erudition of their owner. There were souvenirs of travel with a history, old bric-a-brac with a pedigree, but little or nothing that challenged attention for itself alone. In all cases the superiority of the owner to his possessions was admitted. As a natural result nobody ever lingered there, the servants avoided the room and no child was ever known to play in it.

Mr. Rightbody turned up the gas and from a cabinet of drawers, precisely labeled, drew a package of letters. These he carefully examined. All were discolored and made dignified by age, but some, in their original freshness, must have appeared trifling, and inconsistent with any correspondent of Mr. Rightbody. Nevertheless, that gentleman spent some moments in carefully perusing

them, occasionally referring to the telegram in his hand. Suddenly there was a knock at the door. Mr. Rightbody started, made a half-unconscious movement to return the letters to the drawer, turned the telegram face downwards, and then, somewhat harshly, stammered:

"Eh? Whose there? Come in."

"I beg your pardon, papa," said a very pretty girl, entering, without, however, the slightest trace of apology or awe in her manner, and taking a chair with the self-possession and familiarity of a habitue of the room, "but I knew it was not your habit to write late, so I supposed you were not busy. I am on my way to bed."

She was so very pretty, and withal so utterly unconscious of it, or perhaps so consciously superior to it, that one was provoked into a more critical examination of her face. But this only resulted in a reiteration of her beauty, and perhaps the added facts that her dark eyes were very womanly, her rich complexion eloquent and her chiseled lips full enough to be passionate or capricious, notwithstanding that their general effect suggested neither caprice, womanly weakness nor passion.

With the instinct of an embarrassed man, Mr. Rightbody touched the topic he would have preferred to avoid.

"I suppose we must talk over to-morrow," he hesitated, "this matter of yours and Mr. Marvin's?" Mrs. Marvin has formally spoken to your mother."

Miss Alice lifted her bright eyes intelligently, but not joyfully, and the color of action, rather than embarrassment, rose to her round cheeks.

"Yes, he said she would," she answered, simply.

"At present," continued Mr. Rightbody, still awkwardly, "I see no objection to the proposed arrangement."

Miss Alice opened her round eyes at this.

"Why, papa, I thought it had been all settled long ago! Mamma knew it, you knew it. Last July mamma and you talked it over."

"Yes, yes," returned her father, fumbling his papers; "that is—well, we will talk of it to-morrow." In fact, Mr. Rightbody had intended to give the affair a proper attitude of seriousness and solemnity by due precision of speech and some appropriate reflections, when he should impart the news to his daughter, but felt himself unable to do it now. "I am glad, Alice," he said at last, "that you have quite forgotten your previous whims and fancies. You see me are right."

"Oh! I dare say, papa, if I'm to be married at all, that Mr. Marvin is in every way suitable."

Mr. Rightbody looked at his daughter narrowly. There was not the slightest impatience nor bitterness in her manner; it was as well regulated as the sentiment she expressed. "Mr. Marvin is"—he began.

"I know what Mr. Marvin is," interrupted Miss Alice; "and he has promised me that I shall be allowed to go on with my studies the same as before. I shall graduate with my class; and, if I prefer to practice my profession, I can do so in two years after our marriage."

"In two years?" queried Mr. Rightbody, curiously.

"Yes. You see, in case we should have a child, that would give me time enough to wean it."

Mr. Rightbody looked at this flesh of his flesh, pretty and palpable flesh as it was; but, being confronted as equally with the brain of his brain, all he could do was to say meekly:

"Yes, certainly. We will see about all that to-morrow."

Miss Alice rose. Something in the free, unfettered swing of her arms as she rested them lightly, after a half yawn, on her lithe hips, suggested his next speech, although still distrust and impatient.

"You continue your exercise with the health-lift yet, I see."

"Yes, papa; but I had to give up the flannels. I don't see how mamma could wear them. But my dresses are high-necked, and by bathing I toughen my skin. See!" she added, as with a child-like unconsciousness, she unfastened two or three buttons of her gown, and exposed the white surface of her throat and neck to her father, "I can defy a chill."

Mr. Rightbody, with something akin to a genuine, playful paternal laugh, leaned forward and kissed her forehead.

"It's getting late, Ally," he said parentally, but not dictatorialy. "Go to bed."

"I took a nap of three hours this afternoon," said Miss Alice, with a dazzling smile, "to anticipate this dissipation. Good-night, papa. To-morrow, then."

"To-morrow," repeated Mr. Rightbody, with his eyes still fixed upon the girl vaguely.

"Good-night."

Miss Alice tripped from the room, possibly a trifle the more light-heartedly that she had parted from her father in one of his rare moments of illogical human weakness. And perhaps it was well for the poor girl that she kept this single remembrance of him, when, I fear, in after years, his methods, his reasoning and indeed all he had tried to impress upon her childhood, had faded from her memory.

For, when she had left, Mr. Rightbody fell again to the examination of his old letters. This was quite absorbing; so much so, that he did not notice the footsteps of Mrs. Rightbody on the staircase as she passed to her chamber, nor that she had paused on the landing to look through the glass half-door on her husband, as he sat there with the letters beside him, and the telegram opened before him. Had she waited a moment later, she would have seen him rise, and walk to the sofa with a disturbed air and a slight confusion; so that, on reaching it, he seemed to hesitate to lie down, although pale and evidently faint. Had she still waited, she would have seen him rise again with an agonized effort, stagger to the table, fumblingly refold and replace the papers in the cabinet, and lock it, and, although now but half conscious, hold the telegram over the gas flame till it was consumed. For, had she waited until this moment, she would have found unhesitatingly to his aid, as this act completed, he staggered again, reached his hand toward the sofa, but vainly, and then fell prone upon the floor.

But alas! no providential nor accidental hand was raised to save him or anticipate the progress of this story. And when, half an hour later, Mrs. Rightbody, a little alarmed, and more indignant at his violation of the doctor's rules, appeared upon the threshold, Mr. Rightbody lay upon the sofa dead!

With bustle, with thronging feet, with the intrusion of strangers and a hurrying to and fro, but, more than all, with an impulse and

emotion unknown to the mansion when its owner was in life, Mrs. Rightbody strove to call back the vanished life, but in vain. The highest medical intelligence, called from its bed at this strange hour, saw only the demonstration of its theories made a year before. Mr. Rightbody was dead—without doubt, without mystery, even as a correct man should die—logically, and indorsed by the highest medical authority.



Mr. Rightbody lay upon the sofa dead. But, even in the confusion, Mrs. Rightbody managed to speed a messenger to the telegraph office for a copy of the dispatch received by Mr. Rightbody, but now missing.

In the solitude of her own room, and without a confidant, she read these words:

"[Copy.]

"To Mr. Adams Rightbody, Boston, Mass.:

"Joshua Silsbie died suddenly this morning. His last request was that you should remember your sacred compact with him of thirty years ago. (Signed)

"SEVENTY-FOUR.

"SEVENTY-FIVE."

In the darkened home, and amid the formal condolences of their friends who had called to gaze upon the scarcely cold features of their late associate, Mrs. Rightbody managed to send another dispatch. It was addressed to "Seventy-four and Seventy-five," Cottonwood. In a few hours she received the following enigmatical response:

"A horse thief named Josh Silsbie was lynched yesterday morning by the vigilantes at Deadwood."

(To be Continued.)

A HUNGRY PRIMA DONNA.

An Opera Company in a Snow Blockade—

Nilsson's Cheese and Sausage.

Many years ago, while Nilsson was under the management of Strakosch, the company was playing in Columbus. As Nilsson was in the cast on the last night of the engagement, she, accompanied by Max Maretzek, madame, his wife, and several other members of the opera company, took the early morning train for Buffalo, their next stop, expecting to arrive there that night. A heavy snow-storm set in and the train moved but slowly, owing to the numerous blockades. When they were within four miles of Buffalo a freight train ahead of them was wrecked, owing to a broken bridge. This, of course, caused a delay of several hours. The snow was still falling heavily, it was night, and although they were within sight of Buffalo it was impossible for a vehicle of any kind to reach them. There was not a house of any description within a half mile of them, and, having had no supper, they were naturally very hungry. To make matters worse, it was very cold in the car. Mme. Nilsson, as may well be supposed, was not in the best of tempers.

Max Maretzek, after ascertaining the full particulars of the wreck, and realizing there was no immediate help for them, resolved to make the best of it. He always carried a little refreshments in the way of wine, cheese and bread in his satchel, in case he should grow hungry between meals. He therefore improvised a little table in the rear of the car, with the assistance of his agent, and placed thereon a long roll of bologna sausage, a huge slice of cheese, a loaf of bread and a large bottle of wine. He invited the entire party—Mme. Nilsson included—about eight in all, to share his repast with him. They were all, with the exception of the great singer, only too glad to accept, and a lively though hungry party drew around the board. Mme. Nilsson gave one look at the cheese and sausage, and with a disdainful curl of her lip, she murmured, "disgusting," and sailed down to her seat in the other end of the car, where, wrapping her furs around her, she made a vain effort to sleep. The rest of the party cared little whether she ate or not, and while resenting her unladylike remark, they resolved that they would "fix her yet."

Kind-hearted Max Maretzek cut a slice of bread and cheese, and laid them aside, together with a piece of the despised sausage and a glass of wine, and after the rest of the company had eaten they made preparations for their night's rest, but not to sleep. They meant to watch Nilsson. About an hour afterward she became extremely fidgety and restless. Frequent ejaculations of discontent fell from her lips, and more than once she was heard to remark to her companion that she was nearly starved.

"Is there no place, no farm house where I can get something to eat?" she asked of the agent.

"If there was, we surely would have found it long ago. It is an absolute impossibility for a man to even walk 100 rods in this snow storm, and the nearest house is a mile away," he answered.

Presently, unable to bear her hunger any longer, and becoming desperate, she arose, and walking rather sheepishly down to the rear end of the car, she asked Max Maretzek if there was anything, a crust of bread even, left of their frugal repast. The gratification and satisfaction of the other artists may well be imagined when Max placed the sausage, cheese and wine before the prima donna, and the alacrity and astonishing rapidity with which she dispatched every morsel was a triumph they had not experienced for some time. The next day when Nilsson was cosily domiciled in her luxurious apartments at the Tit hotel, dauntly picking at a morsel of tender chicken, she was heard to remark that during her varied experience as a public singer she had never eaten a meal that tasted as good and wholesome as that little midnight lunch of cheese and sausage in a lonesome car on a winter's night.—Bloomington Eye.

It Got There.

A letter directed as follows passed through the Napa postoffice recently: "Napa City, Lennatic acillem, Yonited St.—Napa City (Cal.) Reporter.

GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY

CURES ALL HUMORS,

from a common Blotch, or Eruption, to the worst Scrofulous Salt Rheum, "Fever-sores," Sealy or Rough Skin, in short, all diseases caused by bad blood are conquered by this powerful, purifying, and invigorating medicine. Great Ealing Pills, cure rapidly heal under its benign influence. Especially has it manifested its potency in curing Tetter, Rose Rash, Boils, Carbuncles, Erysipelas, Scrofulous sores and Swellings, Hip-Joint Disease, White Swellings, Gout, or Thick Neck, and Enlarged Glands. Send ten cents in standard gold or silver, and colored plates on Skin Diseases, or the same amount for a treatise on Scrofulous Affections. "THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE." Though cleansed by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength, and soundness of constitution, will be established.

CONSUMPTION,

which is Scrofulous Disease of the Lungs, is promptly and certainly arrested and cured by this God-given remedy, if taken before the last stages of lung disease are reached. From its wonderful power over this terribly fatal disease, when first offering this now celebrated remedy to the public, Dr. Pierce thought seriously of calling it his "Consumption Cure," but abandoned that name as too limited for a medicine which, from its wonderful combination of tonic, or strengthening, alterative, or blood-cleansing, anti-bilious, peccant and nutritive properties is required not only as a remedy for consumption of the lungs, but for all

CHRONIC DISEASES

OF THE

Liver, Blood, and Lungs.

If you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, have sallow color of skin, or yellowish-brown spots on face or body, frequent headache or dizziness, bad taste in mouth, internal heat or chill, from indigestion, or hot flashes, low spirits and gloomy forebodings, irregular appetite, and coated tongue, you are suffering from Indigestion, Dyspepsia, and Torpid Liver, or "Biliousness." In many cases only part of these symptoms are experienced. As a remedy for all such cases, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has no equal.

Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Bronchitis, Severe Coughs, Consumption, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. Send ten cents in gold or silver for Dr. Pierce's book on Consumption. Sold by Druggists.

PRICE \$1.00, OR 6 BOTTLES FOR \$5.00.

World's Dispensary Medical Association,

Proprietors, 683 Main St., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Pierce's LITTLE

pleasant LIVER

or BILIOUS PILLS.

ANTI-BILIOUS and CATHARTIC.

Sold by Druggists. 25 cents a vial.

\$500 REWARD

is offered by the proprietors

of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy

for a case of Catarrh which they

cannot cure.

If you have a discharge from

the nose, offensive or otherwise,

or partial loss of smell, taste,

or hearing, weak eyes, dull pain

sands of cases terminate in consumption.

Dr. Sage's CATARRH Remedy cures the worst

cases of Catarrh, "Cold in the Head,"

and Catarrhal Headache. 50 cents.

ELY'S

Cream Balm

Gives Relief at once

and Cures

Cold in Head,

CATARRH,

Hay Fever.

Not a Liquid, Snuff

or powder. Free from

Injurious Drugs and

Offensive odors.

A particle is ap-

plied into each nos-

tril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Drug

gists; by mail, registered, 80 cents. Circulars

free. ELY BROS., Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

115

Horse Shoeing Shop

THE UNDERSIGNED begs to call attention

of all persons desiring extra work done in

the way of horse shoeing, a branch of mechanism to

which he has devoted nearly twenty years ex-

perience. He makes

Horse Shoes of

GO!

For its Molly Stark's Fair.

Boom it from Lexington to Lawrence.

And let the Grand Old Tuscarawas Valley Do Its Share.

The board of directors of the Stark County Fair met on Saturday, September 11, all being present.

Mr. Roth reported that the committee appointed to procure a band had hired the Grand Army band at \$50 per day, and two days afterward received a bid from the Massillon band offering to play one or more days of the fair. The committee was continued and instructed to arrange matters satisfactorily to all. By unanimous request all the bands in the county were invited to be present one day of the fair. By notifying the secretary which days they desire to come, a complimentary will be sent admitting to the ground.

The secretary stated that he had written to C. Aultman & Company, and Russell & Company, manufacturers of steam traction engines and threshing machines providing a "field trial" of their threshers, i. e., run once or twice around the track with engine, thresher and tank attached, set up and thresh a load of grain. On motion the privilege was granted for the third day of the fair if the two firms should accept the proposition.

Superintendent Roth and Secretary Niesz were instructed to have all the stalls on the ground numbered.

Messrs. Slusser and Essig were instructed to have a refrigerated built in which to place the butter on exhibition during the fair.

D. C. Miller was allowed \$72 for making two platts of Floral Hall. Superintendent Correll said all the space in Floral Hall was given and still there are others coming who want space. Roth and Correll were authorized to provide space for as many as possible, either with tents or buildings.

Superintendent Correll asked if he could grant space for the sale of articles. Ruled that if other exhibitors in the same line of goods did not object.

The secretary was ordered to send for the Horticultural Society's tents, as they will be needed.

The president suggested that committees be changed as much as possible, as any complaint against them last year would occasion more.

The secretary read a petition signed by a number of our poultry fanciers asking that a suitable building be erected for the poultry department, and that fowls be judged by an expert and score cards be issued for each fowl.

The discussion of the members showed that they were unanimously in favor of complying with the petition, but owing to the nearness of the fair (only two weeks distant) the time was too short in which to get plans and decide upon one and erect a suitable building, but will try to procure a tent under which to exhibit the poultry this year.

Many of the member's badges being lost and the others faded, the secretary was instructed to procure suitable badges for all the officers; also to procure different colored tags for the different township displays with the name of the township upon them.

Mr. Ferd Haak was voted a complimentary during the fair for his past distinguished services, and the misfortune that befell him in the discharge of the same.

C. A. Krider, as superintendent of police, and George Albright, as marshal, were sworn by R. E. Wilson, J. P.

The County Commissioners were requested to put in the gate, and walks leading to the secretary's room, which they had agreed to do.

To the Boys and Girls of Stark:

Those of you who were at the county fair last year on

CHILDREN'S DAY

have not forgotten the pleasant time you had. Well, the directors of the fair, seeing that you enjoyed yourselves so well, decided to again give you a day this year, and we hope you will all be on hand and bring as many more with you as you can, for it would please us best if every child in the county could be there.

You may be very thankful that you live in Stark county, for there are very few fairgrounds that give a Children's Day, when all under fifteen years are admitted free, and a day set apart solely for children's exercises; and we trust you will all take a part in it and show the fair directors that you appreciate their kindness.

Now I must tell the boys and girls what a stranger wrote me some time ago. If you remember there was a bird show on the fairgrounds last year. Well, he wants to come again, and in writing for the place he said he wanted to come to the Stark County Fair again because he thought we had the best behaved children he found anywhere. And he would let them in to see his show of birds for five cents, and no poor boy or girl should be deprived of seeing his birds because they did not happen to have the five cents.

Then there will be a wonderful painting three hundred feet long and sixteen feet high, a painting showing the Union and Rebel armies as they were engaged in fighting the biggest battle of the late war—the Gettysburg, which commenced on the 1st and ended on the 4th of July, '63.

In this battle the rebels had 5,500 killed, 21,000 wounded, 13,000 taken prisoners and missing. Our Army lost 2,834 killed, 14,700 wounded and 6,643 missing. We want you all to come to the fair, and if you come don't forget to go and see this great painting, as no fair will have this year within fifty miles.

They always charged children fifteen cents to see it, but promised to let them in on children's day for ten cents; those over fifteen years for five cents.

FOOD FRAUDS.

The Shameful Use of Lime and Alum in Cheap Baking Powders.

Many food frauds, such as chicory, coffee or watered milk, although they are a swindle in a commercial sense, are often tolerated because they do not particularly affect the health of the consumer; but when an article like baking powder, that enters largely into the food of every family, and is relied upon for the healthful preparation of almost every meal, is so made as to carry highly injurious, if not rankly poisonous, elements into the bread to the imminent danger of the entire community, it is the duty of the press to denounce the practice in the most emphatic terms.

Among recent important discoveries by the food analysts is that by Prof. Mott, the U. S. Government chemist, of large amounts of lime and alum in the cheap baking powders. These are, one the most dangerous, and the other the most useless adulterants yet found in the low grade, inferior baking powders. It is a startling fact that of over one hundred different brands of baking powders so far analyzed, comprising all those sold in this vicinity, not one of them, with the single exception of the Royal Baking Powder, was found free from both lime and alum. The chief service of lime is to add weight. It is true that lime, when subjected to heat, gives off a certain amount of carbonic acid gas, but a quick lime is left—a caustic so powerful that it is used by tanners to eat the hair from hides of animals, and in dissecting rooms to more quickly rot the flesh from the bones of dead subjects. A small quantity of dry lime upon the tongue, or in the eye, produces painful effects; how much more serious must these effects be on the delicate membranes of the stomach, intestines and kidneys, more particularly of infants and children, and especially when the lime is taken into the system day after day, and with almost every meal.

This is said by physicians to be one of the chief causes of indigestion, dyspepsia and those painful diseases of the kidneys now so prevalent. Instances of the most serious affections of the latter organs from drinking lime water found in some sections of the West are noted in every medical journal.

Adulteration with lime is quite as much to be dreaded as with alum, which has heretofore received the most emphatic condemnation from every food analyst, physician and chemist, for the reason that, while alum is probably partially dissolved and passed off in gas by the heat of baking, it is impossible to destroy or change the nature of the lime in any degree so that the entire amount in the baking powder passes, with all its injurious properties, into the stomach. When we state that the chemists have found twelve per cent, or one-eighth of the entire weight of some samples of baking powder analyzed, to be lime, the wickedness of the adulteration will be fully apparent.

Pure baking powders are one of the chief aids to the cook in preparing perfect and wholesome food. While those are to be obtained of well-established reputation, like the Royal, of whose purity there has never been and cannot be a question, it is proper to avoid all others.

AGRICULTURAL.

The greatest curse to farming in the South is the custom of putting a mortgage on growing crops.

Do not feed breeding sows very largely on grain. They may be kept in good condition, but it should be done by more bulky or partially green food.

The following are said to be the symptoms of hog cholera: Drooping ears, low-hanging head, diarrhoea, vomiting rapid breath, and an aversion to light.

There are fewer cattle in proportion to the population of the country than there were thirty-five years ago. But the average weight has been largely increased.

The calf born in the fall, fairly well-wintered and given the growth that grass food gives the following summer, makes a better cow than the spring raised one.

Road dust may be gathered easily during the summer and stored for use in poultry houses, stables and outhouses in winter, where it will be worth much more than its cost.

Professor Law, of Cornell University, recently examined the milk from cows which had access to water from stagnant pools, and found in every case the milk full of living organisms.

Resources of the soil do not end abruptly at four or five inches in depth, yet there are hundreds of farms where all beneath is terra incognita because no effort has been made to explore.

Permanent pasture lands are the main anchor of agriculture, and the farmers of this country will find this out after a while, as they already have in England, and will commence seeding their land with permanent grasses.

From one end of Scotland to the other during the last year or two there has been a very material decrease in the use of artificial manures. Several farmers are not using much more than half the quantity they did for nearly a quarter of a century prior to 1880, and many have cut down a third or a fourth.

For erect growing trees the head should be formed at about three feet from the ground; but spreading trees should have the head five feet high. A tree with a low head is less likely to be broken down by the wind, and the branches will then be able to keep off the scorching rays of the sun from the trunks.

For a kicking cow, says a correspondent, take a small rope, make a slip-knot in one end and draw tight around the cow, just in front of the udder. I had a large heifer that kicked badly. I applied the rope as above and sat down and milked without further trouble. It was only applied three times, and she gave me no trouble afterwards.

Crocks of butter to be kept for several months should never be placed upon the cellar bottom. This causes two degrees of temperature in the crock, which will be at the expense of the quality of butter at the top. The crocks will keep their contents very much better if placed at least a foot from the cellar bottom upon a bench and a thick woolen cloth thrown over them.

If oats are crushed or just coarsely ground before they are given to horses they will prove more nourishing. In England they are passed between rollers. But if a horse's teeth are good it

it will generally grind its oats pretty well. There is a great difference in horses, however, in this respect, just as there is in men. Some bolt their food much more rapidly and less masticated than others. But whatever grain you feed, do not let the horse drink immediately after. If you do, much of the grain will be washed out of the stomach without being digested.

European cultivators pay much attention to educating the masses concerning insects, both injurious and useful. As one means to this end, exhibitions of insects are made at fairs and shows, being stimulated by premiums. This is a practical and valuable hint for adoption in this country. Many a moth or butterfly that is now admired and allowed to escape would be destroyed if its true nature were known.

Grain growers and other tillers of the soil, who feel like complaining at the low prices of farm produce now prevailing, should remember that agricultural interests are not alone in the matter of depreciation of prices. The fact is that during the past seventy years farm products have increased largely in price, while manufactured articles have decreased. An interesting comparison of prices for farm produce is shown in the following table, compiled for the *Mining World*. The prices of farm products are New York quotations, and are somewhat higher than those quoted in this vicinity. Our farmers can buy many of the manufactured articles at lower figures than those quoted in the following list:

Wheat, per bushel.....	\$ 0.44	\$ 0.99
Oats, per bushel.....	15	41
Corn, per bushel.....	20	46
Barley, per bushel.....	25	80
Butter, per pound.....	12	32
Cheese, per pound.....	6	10
Eggs, per dozen.....	5	12
Cows, per head.....	15	60
Hay, per ton.....	50	17
Straw, per ton.....	4	10
Sheep, per head.....	75	2
Farm labor, per month.....	8	15

Certainly in "the good old times" so often regretfully referred to, farmers were not overpaid, and these figures show that farm labor has during seventy years increased over 100 per cent, and the selling prices of farm produce have increased from 100 to 400 per cent. On the other hand, the comparison of manufactured articles shows large decreases, as may be seen in the appended figures:

Steel, per pound.....	\$ 0.17	\$ 0.12
Saw, per pound.....	12	4
Broadcloth, per yard.....	15	4
Wool blankets, per pair.....	15	10
Cotton cloth, per yard.....	25	12
Calico, per yard.....	25	6
Salt, per bushel.....	\$1.00 to 4.00	15 to 25

Here are enormous differences against the manufacturers and in favor of the farmer. It would appear that agriculture has really been favored at the expense of mechanical industry, and the grain growers and general farmers should cease to consider themselves the only class of victims of the present depressed business conditions.

Electric and Gas Lighting.

Electric lighting has been before the business world now about ten years. Before that period it was a matter of laboratory experiment that had more or less of interest to physicists and students. It was acknowledged that the electric light, and by that term the arc light alone was meant, was the most brilliant form of illumination that man's ingenuity had been able to contrive. The cost of producing it, however, was an insurmountable objection. As formerly produced it required the use of chemical batteries consuming large quantities of zinc and other expensive ingredients. When it was discovered, however, that electric force could be produced by motion, and the steam engine and the dynamo were substituted for batteries, a stride was made that took the matter out of the purely experimental domain and into the field of business.

The early appliances were crude, the light produced was inclined to be somewhat erratic, and the dangers incident to the employment of the new method of lighting were only too frequently demonstrated. But invention was quickened by the novel nature of the demands put upon it, and in rapid succession came a series of improvements. Great establishments grew up as if by magic, new trades were devised, and thousands of mechanics were equipped to apply in a practical form the results of the most recent researches of scientific men. Two branches of electric lighting were speedily brought forward, the one for the use of the arc light and the other for that of the incandescent. It was shown that the electric force might be applied either to the illumination of large areas or of small rooms. Innumerable devices were contrived to utilize the new methods of lighting and to reduce the cost of supplying the light.

After a while, however, it was discovered that the advocates of the new styles had promised more than the performances would justify, and a revulsion of feeling came. The blow which electric lighting received was a severe one, but has borne good fruit. It has stopped the putting forward of ridiculous and extravagant claims, and it has spurred up the companies and inventors into making a field for themselves. Since taking this ground the electric lighting companies have been making some progress, although it is slower than they perhaps wished. The progress, however, has the advantage of being fairly won, and it will therefore prove enduring. The electric light is being put forward on its merits, and it is making a field for itself. It has been found that many persons are willing to pay for the best forms of lighting and that there are enough such persons to make the business of electric lighting a promising one. Upon this basis the business has been reconstructed.

In one notable way the general public has been decidedly the gainer by the extravagances of the electric

lighting people. When the gas companies found out that their monopoly was threatened, they straightaway went to work to give a good account of themselves. The result was that they began providing a better and more brilliant light. It is only a few years since the gas sent forth was of about twelve-candle power. Its illuminating power has been nearly doubled since the companies were frightened by the electric lighting pretensions. Another scare may, perhaps, bring about the introduction of an honestly registering gas meter. It would pay the community to lose thousands of dollars in an electric lighting bungalow to attain such a result.—*New York Times*.

The Special Delivery.

The special delivery system introduced in the postal department some months ago will be extended on Oct. 1 to include every postoffice in the United States. The law has also been broadened, so that it includes third and fourth class mail matter. In postoffices not having mail carriers letters and packages bearing special delivery stamps will be delivered to any point within a mile from the office. The postmasters are authorized to deliver mail at further distances if they can do so without too much inconvenience.

A Mystery.

How the human system ever recovers from the bad effects of the numerous medicines often literally poured into it for the supposed relief of various ailments, such as rheumatism, consumption, and other ailments, is a mystery. The mischief done by bad medicines is scarcely less than that caused by disease. If they were not, would often be guided by the experience of invalids who have thoroughly tested Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, they would in every case obtain the speediest and most reliable relief. This medicine is a searching and at the same time a thoroughly safe remedy, derived from vegetable sources, and possessing the quality of being able to purify the system, and to act as a medicinal stimulant not to be found in the fiery local bitters and stimulants often resorted to by the debilitated, dyspeptic and languid.

He that will not look before him will have to look behind him—and probably with some regret.

Renews Her Youth.

Mrs. Phoebe Chesley, Peterson, Clay county, Iowa, tells the following remarkable story, the truth of which is vouched for by the residents of the town: "I am 73 years old, have been troubled with kidney complaint and lameness for many years; could not dress myself without help. Now I am free from all pain and soreness, and am able to do all my own housework. I owe my thanks to Electric Bitters for having renewed my youth, and removed completely all disease and pain." Try a bottle, only 50c., at Z. T. Baltz's Drug Store.

A Captain's Fortunate Discovery.

Capt. Coleman, sch. Weymouth, plying between Atlantic City and N. Y., had been troubled with a cough so that he was unable to sleep, and was induced to try Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. It not only gave him instant relief, but allayed the extreme soreness in his breast. His children were similarly affected and a single dose had the same happy effect. Dr. King's New Discovery is now the standard remedy in the Coleman household, and on board the schooner. Free Trial Bottles of this Standard Remedy at Z. T. Baltz's Drug Store.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, and all Skin Impurities, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Z. T. Baltz.

A Card.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, etc., I will send a recipe that will cure you. FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a mission in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. Joseph T. Inman, Station D, New York City. oct30-ly

GILMORE'S AROMATIC is a great success, therefore we challenge the world to produce its equal as a restorative for woman.

REV. W. FISK REQUA, of Aurora, Ill., says: "I have used Gilmore's Aromatic Wine and find it an excellent household remedy that none ought to do without."

REV. HARRIS PECK, of Pavilion, N. Y., says: "I was troubled with Maluria, Bowel Difficulty and sleepless nights, which I found was wearing me out. After taking Gilmore's Aromatic Wine two days I realized great relief, sleeping well and otherwise feeling like a new man. I cheerfully recommend it to suffering humanity."

REV. J. M. Dorby, of Linden, N. Y., says: "The Gilmore's Aromatic Wine proved a great blessing to my wife."

Rev. Dr. FREELAND, of Fowlerville, N. Y., writes us that two bottles of Gilmore's Aromatic Wine cured his wife of nervousness and sleeplessness.

IMPOTENCY IN MAN OR WOMAN quickly cured by Gilmore's Aromatic Wine.

—J. E. Jackson, Dear Sir: I was afflicted very badly for years with kidney disease. I used two bottles of your medicine—Burdick's Kidney Cure. This acts at once and should be known to all sufferers. Thomas McClure, Unionville, N. J. Price, 75 cents and \$1.25. Sample free. For sale by J. M. Shuckers. Also ask for a free sample bottle of Magnum Bonum. J. E. Jackson's Cough Syrup free to all. Large size 25 cents. 45tf

The pain and misery suffered by those who are afflicted with dyspepsia are innumerable. The distress of the body is equalled or surpassed by the confusion and tortures of the mind, thus making its victims suffer double affliction. The relief which is given by Hood's Sarsaparilla has caused thousands to be thankful for this great medicine. It dispels the causes of dyspepsia, and tones up the digestive organs. Try Hood's Sarsaparilla.

ELY'S CREAM BALM was recommended to me by my druggist as a preventive to hay fever. I have been using it as directed, and have tried much dreaded and loathsome disease. For ten years or more I have been a great sufferer each year, from August till fall, and have tried many alleged remedies for its cure, but Ely's Cream Balm is the only preventive I have ever found. Hay fever sufferers ought to know of its efficacy. Of F. B. AINSWORTH & CO., Publishers, Indianapolis, Ind.

"100 Doses One Dollar" is true only of Hood's Sarsaparilla and it is an unanswerable argument as to strength and economy.

A Novel Feature in Investments.

The whole country after having undergone a period of depression is now asking itself, what business has least been affected and undisturbed?

Such a business, industry or corporation, that can make a better showing now than before the crisis attracts the attention of capital, merits the confidence of investors and is being eagerly sought for.

There is such a business, and it has heretofore been monopolized by English and Scotch capital until some three hundred millions have been invested in the ranch and cattle business of this great country.

Foremost amongst the strongest, richest and most successful American Companies stand the United States Land and Investment Company, 145 Broadway, New York, which is now offering \$500,000 first mortgage 6 per cent, 10 year bonds, for subscription at 90 cash, or at par, upon a novel installment feature which appeals to the farmer as well as the banker, the clerk and mechanic as well as the millionaire, and to all who desire to invest their savings at better rates of interest than any bank will allow.

The company issues certificates of indebtedness in one and five dollars, each representing an installment, and when the investor has purchased \$50 of these certificates he becomes entitled to a \$100 gold bond, first mortgage, bearing 6 per cent. interest, which he can obtain upon presenting his certificates or forwarding them by letter to the company's office, at 145 Broadway, New York.

The remaining \$50 due on the bond being payable to the company in monthly installments not exceeding \$5.

The bond commences to draw interest on delivery, the same as if fully paid. In addition to which the company gives as a bonus, free, one fully paid up share of stock of the value of \$25.

Those desiring to buy their bonds outright for cash can do so at 10 per cent. discount in \$100, \$500 or \$1,000 bonds and receive one five or ten shares of stock free. The bonds are secured by property owned absolutely by the company, estimated to be worth \$3,000,000, and thus money received from sale of bonds will be invested in cattle, the income from which it is estimated will yield 30 per cent. upon the stock after paying 6 per cent. on the bonds.

Applications are being forwarded in great numbers daily, and all those who desire to subscribe should send at once for prospectuses and full information to the United States Land and Investment Company, 145 Broadway, New York.—*The N. Y. Financier*.

TUN KEE'S CHINESE STEAM LAUNDRY.

No. 2 East Tremont St., and basement of Minch's building, East Main street, will be pleased to show the public the finest work ever produced in his line. One call will convince you of his line and superior workmanship.

Shirts, 10c; Cuffs per pair, 4c; Collars 2 for 5c. Work taken every day in the week and returned on the second or third day thereafter.

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Passengers holding first-class tickets via this line are entitled to seats in the New and Elegant Pullman Reclining Chair Cars at a nominal charge, leaving Columbus on the Fast Express at 8:35 p. m. daily, and arriving at Indianapolis 10:20 p. m., St. Louis 7 a. m. and Kansas City 7:30 p. m.

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Central or 90th Meridian Time.

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Massillon Independent.

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ROBERT P. SKINNER. SAMUEL E. WEIRICH.

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Contributions on subjects of general and local interest are solicited and the use of the columns of this paper to agitate proper matters is urged. Advertising rates will be furnished upon application.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1886.

REPUBLICAN COUNTY TICKET.

Sheriff—RICHARD B. CRAWFORD.
Auditor—WILLIAM BRITTON.
Clerk of Courts—PHILO P. BUSIL.
Commissioner—HENRY SHAFER.
Coroner—DR. GEO. B. COCK.
Infirmary Director—T. T. ARNOLD.
Surveyor—REUBEN Z. WISE.

REPUBLICAN STATE TICKET.

Secretary of State—JAMES S. ROBINSON.
Judge of Supreme Court—M. J. WILLIAMS.
Clerk of Supreme Court—C. H. HESTER.
Commissioner of Common Schools—E. T. TAPPAN.
Member of Board of Public Works—W. H. HAHN.

DISTRICT TICKET.

Congressman—WILLIAM MCINLEY.
Common Pleas Judge—ANSON PEASE.

This week's **INDEPENDENT** contains the opening chapter of Bret Harte's latest story, "The Great Deadwood Mystery," copyrighted by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., and never before published. Readers will appreciate the effort to serve matter of a high character, and it is hoped many will take advantage of the twenty-five cent campaign rate and become readers at least until this story and this campaign are ended.

Massillon needs a city hall.

It will be Sheriff Crawford yet.

Massillon has sewers. Make a note of it.

Paint covers a multitude of sins, even crooked poles.

Well, gentlemen of the city council, how about our band stand?

Cuba has not disappeared. That, too, was the story resulting from a diseased imagination.

Andrew Roy's letter concerning John McBride would make an excellent campaign document.

It will be noticed that Richard B. Crawford's name is still at the head of the county ticket.

It seems that in our court house they have spoiled one good court room to make two poor ones.

The Mansfield *Banner* has not satisfactorily explained its position on the candidacy of John McBride.

The idea is prevalent that A. Leininger is not nearly so big a man as he gave himself credit for two months ago.

Just why all Stark county is expected to pay tribute to the shrine of Deuber is not apparent over this way.

After being accused of inconsistency the Canton *Democrat* removed the name of A. Leininger from the head of its county ticket.

Conkling once resigned, and he was not re-elected. The parallel may hurt Conkling's feelings, but the friends of A. Leininger can work it out.

Dr. Leininger felt the public's pulse, it is even said that he administered political physic, but it had the wrong effect, and he concluded to resign.

The railroads do not seem to be manifesting any especial eagerness to put up electric lights or automatic safety gates. Let the council apply the spur.

The fence is a luxury no prudent man can afford to support. Better take it down, and buy a mower with the proceeds. Besides, fences are not fashionable.

This is the rather remarkable way the "committee" puts it:

By agreement the convention to nominate a candidate for Congress, to be supported by the Democracy and independent voters of said district, will meet at Alliance, on Thursday, September 30th.

And now the able Democratic papers that told us last week how Reed was to be defeated and Mr. Blaine trampled in the dust, amble up with

that old explanation ending with the words "the Dutch have taken Holland."

The *Massillon American* is not an "independent Republican paper." The *American's* politics are of the morning glory variety, crawling all over the ground, and holding on both sides of the fence with equal tenacity. This is for the benefit of mistaken Democratic contemporaries.

The agricultural Society seems to be making efforts to make it a real Stark county fair. The Harmonia Band of Massillon will play several days, and contests between traction engines will be arranged if possible. Encourage it by your presence, be an exhibit, and help once more Stark county's fair.

Massillon, O., arrests the Salvation Army for praying on the streets but allows brass bandsters, well loaded up with beer, to turn the Sabbath into a day of carnival and noise and disorder.—*Commercial Gazette*.

This is a great mistake. They were not arrested for praying and parading. We have a fine police force, bands of music, nine churches, and peace always. People here are on the streets only when they have business, and come when you like you will find things moving decently and in order.

With the increase of population gradually but surely closing in upon the soil, and crowding into cities; with the known generally producing cause of typhoid and scarlet fever, diphtheria and kindred diseases comes the thought that in our day of boasted civilization the time is at hand when some progressive intellect shall lead the way and teach the people how to treat and utilize the refuse which now poisons our wells, defiles our brooks, and to direct those streams of abomination in some other direction than to pollute our rivers and have been changing those natural most notable, and charming features of the landscape, so that they have become merely back alleys and open sewers.

We construct water works, our wells having become poisoned, but where shall we get water for them fit for general use with concentrated streams of nastiness continually being poured in upon the rivers? We have our fish commissioners, but with our rivers and lakes of poisoned water what shall become of the fish? Instead of homes of comfort being established on or near their banks bordered with pleasant gardens, by the practice of the people they have become the locations for stables and out-houses, the rear of factories, and their bright, limpid waters are fouled by the outpourings of vile refuse.

Far off in old Egypt, thousands of years ago, it was counted a sin against religion and a crime against the State to pollute the waters of her sacred river. In our time shall it be accounted less a crime than then?

Year after year there is an ever-increasing need of fertilizers; every crop grown upon the soil tends to its impoverishment; every animal raised and sold off the place robs it of that which is not usually replaced. We have the artificial manures from cities, mines are searched for fertilizers, and the isles of the sea are scoured for guano; yet that which might be converted into the best of all fertilizers lies at the doors of every community unused for that purpose. It has been said that the best statesman and the best friend of his country is he who makes two blades of grass grow where but one grew before; that such a man is now one of the great needs of our time can scarcely be questioned.

The Authorized Life of Abraham Lincoln.

To this day the life of Abraham Lincoln has never been told. Many biographies of the President, of varying value and interest, have been written. Only his private secretaries, John George Nicolay and John Hay have had the opportunity and the authority to tell the complete story of that part of it which pertains to the Presidency. When Lincoln died, these two returned to the White House, where they were still living, although already appointed to Paris; they gathered together the President's papers, and handed them to Robert Lincoln and David Davis, who sacredly guarded them till the return of the secretaries from Europe. They were then redelivered to the latter, for the purposes of this history, and have never been in any other hands. This history includes not

merely the personal career of Lincoln, but a graphic account of the events which led to the civil war, and the history of that war from the point of view of the White House,—the point of view, in fact, of the commander-in-chief of the armies and navies of the United States.

Friends and admirers of President Lincoln have sometimes perhaps wondered at the liberty we have allowed certain contributors in their criticisms of the martyred President. But it has been our belief that the freer the discussion of the motives and actions of Abraham Lincoln, the brighter would emerge the character and genius of that extraordinary man. And beside, we have been planning for the presentation to the world in these pages of this the only authoritative life of Lincoln, the first instalment of which will be given in the November number of *The Century*.—*The Century*.

Odd Ground For a Commutation.

From "Perry's Reminiscences of Sixty Years in the National Metropolis."

Mail robberies were not uncommon in those days, although the crime was punishable with imprisonment or death. One day one of Reed's coaches was stopped near Philadelphia by three armed men, who ordered the nine passengers to alight and stand in a line. One of the robbers then mounted guard, while the other two made the terrified passengers deliver up their money and watches, and then rifled the mail bags. They were soon afterward arrested, tried, convicted and one was sentenced to imprisonment in the penitentiary, while the other two were condemned to be hung. Fortunately for one of the culprits, named Wilson, he had some years previously, at a horse race near Nashville, Tenn., privately advised General Jackson to withdraw his bets on a horse which he was backing, as the jockey had been ordered to lose the race. The General was very thankful for this information, which enabled him to escape a heavy loss, and he promised his informant that he would befriend him whenever an opportunity should offer. When reminded of this promise, after Wilson had been sentenced to be hanged, Jackson promptly commuted the sentence to ten years imprisonment in the penitentiary.

The Paraffine on the Obelisk.

R. M. Caffall, who applied paraffine to the surface of the Obelisk in Central Park has written a letter respecting the present condition of the Obelisk and the effect of the process applied for its preservation. He quotes as follows from his report to Samuel Parsons, jr., Superintendent of the Park, who recently requested Mr. Caffall to make a careful examination of the work:

"I find the paraffine waterproofing compound applied and driven into the stone by heat, during November last remains as fixed in its position within the stone as upon the day the work was completed. The indentations resulting from the decay of the horn blende remain in exactly the same condition as when they were treated. Even the cracked and hollow surfaces which were allowed to remain (when the other hollow surfaces were sealed off) will hold firm in their present positions for many years. The compound has penetrated to an effective depth. I especially examined the stone to detect any injury arising from the application of heat during the waterproofing process. I found no such injury. The waterproofing has effectually checked the process of decay."

Trouble in the Third District.

The upper end of the third district is greatly agitated over the brush coal question. This is largely due to what is known as the north shaft working on conditions different from the rules laid down by the last district convention. In fact, all of the present trouble is due to the miners of the north shaft giving 3,000 to the ton, run of mine. A large number of the best men have already been discharged, others are threatened, and it now looks as though the whole of the miners would cease work.—*Labor Tribune*.

RAILROAD MATTERS.

The Cleveland, Lorain & Wheeling Railroad Company, in its annual report, shows the funded debt to be \$700,000, while the total paid in on capital stock is \$5,600,000. The road was purchased for \$6,300,000, the amount of stock and debt, the subsequent expenditures for construction being \$219,411.51, making a total of \$6,519,411.51. The rolling stock consists of four consolidated, six mogul and twenty common engines; 3,363 freight cars, 21 passenger coaches, 2 baggage, 3 mail and 13 other cars. With this stock 257,683 passengers were carried during the year, and 864,379 tons of freight. The earnings from passenger traffic amounted to \$107,803.64, and the freight tonnage \$581,488.08; mail, express and other sources, \$18,145.32, making a total of \$708,335.04. The total operating expenses were \$520,760.22, leaving net income over operating expenses of \$187,574.82. Receipts from other sources amounted to \$327,859.94. The disposition of resources was: Interest on funded debt, \$49,000; dividends of 5 per cent paid June 1, \$213,015; interest on \$1,605,441 equipment, \$60,000. Two employees and four passengers were killed during the year, besides fourteen injured.

GREAT CLEARANCE SALE.

Watkins Bros. have made special reductions in prices in order to make room for a

NEW DEPARTMENT

To be Added to their Store in Fifteen Days.

DRESS GOODS, SILKS and VELVETS

AT REDUCED PRICES.

MUSLINS, GINGHAMS, SHIRTINGS, CALICOES & LINEN

MARKED DOWN

Hosiery, Gloves, Underwear, Embroideries, Laces,

AT COST DURING THIS SALE.

Every buyer of Dry Goods should take advantage of this grand opportunity. See the bargains we are offering and you will be convinced you can save money by dealing with us.

WATKINS BROS.,**DRY GOODS and NOTIONS,**

20 East Main Street, Massillon, Ohio.

Groceries!**Abright & Co.'s****CASH STORE.**

Largest and Handsomest, Most Complete and best kept stock of general

Groceries,**Provisions,****Queensware**

IN THE CITY.

Attentive Salesmen

Always ready to supply your wants.

PRICES CANNOT BE BEATEN.**WE HAVE EVERYTHING**

All we ask is a trial.

Fruits, Oysters, &c.,

In their season. Call and see us.

ALBRIGHT & CO'S.

25, EAST MAIN STREET.

Massillon, O.

WANTED.

WANTED—CANVASSER—A first-class canvasser, gentleman preferred, to canvass Massillon, and the other towns and country of Stark county. A liberal commission will be paid. Address, Lockbox 128, Massillon.

A. J. Humberger & Son.**SPECIALTIES.****Fine Lace Curtains**

" Embroideries

" Dress Goods

" Parasols.

Call and inspect the Bargains we can show you

in Hosiery.

FURNITURE!

I desire to say that all those in need of Furniture of any kind, can not fail to be suited both in regard to

GOODS AND PRICES,

My stock will comprise all grades of

Parlor, Chamber, Kitchen and Office

FURNITURE.

SUCH AS

Parlor Suits,

Chamber Suits,

Bedsteads,

Bureaus,

Tables,

Lounges

Hair,

Husk and

Sea Grass

Mattresses

and the original

Woven Wire Mattress

AND OTHER SPRING BOTTOMS.

Thankful for favors bestowed upon me in the past, I hope by strict attention to business to merit a continuance of the same.

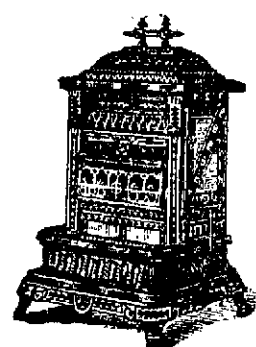
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MOUNT UNION COLLEGE.

A good school to get a thorough Literary, Normal Business and Musical education. Building 20 minutes drive from Alliance station, O. Telephone 77. Persons thinking of going away to school should by all means send for our catalogue. Correspondence solicited. Address, PROF. JOSEPH L. SHANK, A. M., Secretary, Mt. Union, Stark county, Ohio.

H. F. OEHLER'S**Cash Store**

IS HEADQUARTERS FOR

**STOVES, RANGES,**

—AND—

House Furnishing Goods.**Roofing & Spouting**

promptly attended to.

14 W. Main St. - - MASSILLON.

John Baker Thompson,**Caterer, Baker,**

—AND—

Confectioner,

Oysters are received every day and are served in every style in the Dining Rooms attached to the store.

Ice Cream, Sherbet and Cake furnished to parties, and personal supervision given.

Sole agent for the sale of the celebrated Fleischman's Compressed Yeast.

42 E. Main Street,

MASSILLON, OHIO.

For an unlimited time first-class cabinet photographs can be had at L. L. Shertzer's for \$2 and \$3 per dozen. 37-4t

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Discovered this week by Independent Investigators.

Go to the Stark County fair two weeks from to-day.

The city street lamps need paint to protect them from rust.

The Episcopal Dime Society will meet with Mrs. H. J. Watkins Friday evening.

Mr. S. R. Wells will build a residence upon his East Main street property this fall.

The Sippo Coal Company is selling coal for two dollars a ton, a considerable of a reduction.

Gentlemen of the Agricultural Society, why do you not have a Massillon and an Alliance day?

The funeral of the late Charles W. Bahney took place from the cemetery last Friday afternoon.

A bazaar for the benefit of the Presbyterian church will be held on Thursday, November 11th, 1886.

Services will be held in St. Timothy's Episcopal church every Sunday evening at half past seven o'clock.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the M. E. Church, meets every Thursday afternoon in the parlors of the church.

The statement now goes forth to the world that the eighty electric lights will brighten our streets on September 26.

There will be an excursion from Massillon to Cincinnati, on Wednesday, September 22. Fare \$2.50 for the round trip.

Manager Welker of the Massillon Pottery says business is so rushing him that he has barely time to eat and sleep.

There is a lot of very interesting fair literature on another page, which every body in Stark county can read with profit.

The ladies of the M. E. Church will hold a dime social at Mrs. Julia Moore's on west Tremont street, Tuesday evening, Sept. 21.

The postoffice will be moved into the new building next Tuesday evening at 5 o'clock and will be opened next morning as usual.

The C. L. & W. Railroad will give an Excursion to the Thirtieth Cincinnati Industrial Exposition, Wednesday, September 22, 1886.

Under the direction of Prof. Metcalf, a very pleasant concert was given by home talent on Friday evening, in the presence of a small audience.

A little fire in the roof of a house owned by Mrs. George McGrath, on the north side of Tremont street, next to the Fort Wayne track, was put out by hand Monday afternoon.

The caboose of a freight train standing on the main track of the Fort Wayne road near South street, was totally demolished by a double header coming up behind last Saturday afternoon.

A prominent hardware man in this city says that there is more building going on just now than in several years past. The third ward, he says, will show a wonderful increase in the amount of taxable property.

Adam Sibila and William Mong, two young men, were arrested on Saturday for assaulting a little girl on the West Side. Mayor Frantz bound them over Tuesday morning to Probate Court in the sum of \$50 each.

The Rev. J. S. Hahn did not arrive here to open the Prohibition campaign as advertised last Thursday night, and John Danner and S. H. Rockhill, of Canton, Rev. Mr. Spence of Parkersburg, and Joseph Getty, of Beach City, spoke in his stead.

Mr. John M. Frye, one of the most prominent boat builders on the Ohio canal, whose dry docks are located in Massillon, ran down to New Philadelphia on Wednesday, a week ago, and was there married to Miss Hannah Kennedy, of that place.

George List's slaughter house burned to the ground last Saturday at midnight. Loss one thousand dollars, insurance eight hundred and seventy. As the house is owned now by the Water Company no insurance will be realized except on the appliances within.

The colored people of this city have organized and call the association the Arnett Republican Club. Its objects are to advance the interests of the Republican party and to promote civil and political rights. Robert Hammond is president and Lewis Myers recorder.

Mr. A. A. Taylor, who for many years owned mills in Massillon, as he did in Loudonville, Mt. Vernon and Toledo, died on Sept. 10 at Castleton, Dakota. The news of his death greatly shocked friends, especially at Loudonville, where he made his home. Mr. Taylor was one of the best known millers in Ohio.

In 1883 McBride's majority in Stark county was a candidate for the Legislature was 1,053. In 1885 his majority was 180. In 1883 McBride received 263 more votes than Hoadly did in Stark county. In 1885 Hoadly led him by 9 votes, and Warwick, for Lieutenant Governor, led him by 123. So it does not seem that John McBride's popularity is ascending in his home county.—Commercial Gazette.

Nine of the Richland Ramblers went to Massillon last Monday to attend the meeting of the Ohio Division of the League of American Wheelmen. They were royally entertained by the local wheelmen and at the business meeting held Monday B. J. Balliet, of the Richland Ramblers invited the Ohio division to hold their next meeting at this city, which was accepted.—Mansfield Shield and Banner.

PERSONALITIES.

The Matters that Agitate the Society World.

Mr. Lew Huxthal has returned from Cleveland.

E. A. Peacock is spending his vacation in New York.

Miss Evelyn McCue has returned to Wellesley College.

Harry Raynolds, of Canton, spent Tuesday evening in the city.

Will Ulman and Edward Albright spent Sunday in New Philadelphia.

Mr C. F. Balfour is taking a few pupils in vocal and instrumental music.

Charles Ricks returned to the Kenyon Grammar school at Gambier, on Wednesday.

Clarence Brown and niece, Miss Myra Gould, of Toledo, spent Sunday with H. C. Brown.

"Moro," whose name is familiar to Leader readers, looked about Massillon on Tuesday.

Jack Keefe, the rather well known pugilist, has purchased an interest in Stratton's saloon.

Miss Lyda Bayliss has come back from Meyer's Lake where she spent the greater part of the summer.

Mrs. James P. Gay, of Cincinnati, who has been visiting relatives in Massillon, left for New York Wednesday afternoon.

Miss Hattie Russell and Miss Hattie McLain left Wednesday for Northampton, Mass., where they will attend school.

The Misses Jessie and Lulu Meyers, who have been visiting at Mr. C. Traphagen's returned to their home in Columbus on Tuesday.

Married.—At the Presbyterian parsonage, Thursday evening, Sept. 9, by Rev. N. P. Bailey, Mr. Brazier W. Cline, and Miss Lillian Bechtel, both of this city.

Chaperoned by Mrs. Mary Raynolds, of Canton, Misses Mary Hunt, Helen Wales, and Laura Russell, of Massillon, and Miss Kate Patrick, of New Philadelphia, are spending the week at the Lake Park Hotel.

Karl F. Miller spent a few days in the city this week, after having spent several months travelling in Ohio and West Virginia. He leaves to cover the State of Pennsylvania in the same way for the Dillworth Coffee Company.

Thomas Haines, an "old salt," was a visitor at the reunion at this place, Wednesday of last week. He was eighteen years in the American navy, in the Mexican War under Commodore Stockton and taken to California. He was under Admiral Farragut in the Gulf Squadron, and at present belongs to the Salvation Army, and a member of McClane Post, G. A. R., Reading, Pa.—Canton Democrat.

The Opening of the Opera House.

The rains descended yesterday afternoon, and the clouds were dark and threatening yesterday evening, the streets were muddy and the fog could have been cut with a knife. But in spite of the perversity of the elements, a rather small, but representative audience greeted the Alfa Norman Opera Company in the "Maid of Belleville."

Before describing the affair the reason of the absence of the promised orchestra should be explained. It was expected that Prof. Baer would be prepared to play, as he will in the future, but not being fully organized he could not. The manager then went to Wheeling, where, by the way, the company played for the first time this season, expecting to bring the Wheeling orchestra to Massillon. Arriving there, Tuesday evening, it was found that the score had not arrived from New York, and could not be played there, and of course broke up the plan of having the accompaniment played in Massillon. Then a telegram was sent to Massillon to at least procure incidental music, but Prof. Baer could not do this, and neither of the Canton orchestras could, one having an engagement and the other considering it too difficult a task. There was nothing to do but to procure a full band, and the Harmonia was engaged. They played well, but an orchestra would have been more desirable for the purpose. The absence of the orchestra made a great gap in the entertainment but it was absolutely unavoidable.

The great change in the Opera House itself was admitted, and when the curtain rose on the beautiful new garden scene, and the pretty chorus, the effect of the whole hall was excellent.

The chorus was large, and though its lack of training was apparent, did very satisfactory work. The costumes had only been used once before, so the stage pictures were all good. The principals were good, and the comedy parts were applauded heartily. Miss Norman was all that could be desired, and was encored after her second solo. The Javotte of Miss Halleck was excellent; her acting provoked laughter, and her solo was encored. Taken all in all, it was the best opera company that has appeared in Massillon for many years.

The old-time favorite, Charles Gardner, comes on the 30th, and will, as usual, crowd the house. Prof. Baer and his new orchestra will play.

THE DAM AND THE OVERFLOW.

Facts and Figures for the Benefit of the Puzzled Observer of the Work on the New Reservoir.

The average visitor at the site of the new waterworks dam, is mystified by the derricks, men, and excavations, and can make neither head nor tail out of it. So for these very people, and the hundreds who want to know but have not yet mustered sufficient energy to walk up to see, an INDEPENDENT man studied the engineer's plans, thanks to the accommodating superintendent, Mr. Delafield.

Now the important part about a great dam or reservoir is of course the breast embankment, and the two parts of it are what is called the dam, and the overflow. The dam is not especially interesting, and all the engineer's skill is centered in the overflow. The overflow or retaining wall is exactly in the middle of the breast work, and the force of the water is principally against it. It is usually several feet lower than the dam, and hence when the water is high, there is always a flow of water over it, and to reach the top of the dam wall is an impossibility.

This is the plan of construction used in the building of the Massillon reservoir. The valley in which the work is going on is perhaps three hundred feet wide and that space must be banked up to hold the water. Fifty feet, exactly in the middle is the space allotted to the overflow, and on either side of it, the dam extends to the two hill sides. The dam or embankments consist in the first place of a foundation of concrete, which is as hard as rock itself, four feet deep under the surface, and on top of it a one foot brick wall rises, not so much for strength as to prevent leakage, and keep out muskrats. On both sides of the brick, earth is packed, to give it rigidity, and this earth embankment is, or rather will be, sixteen feet wide at the top, and ninety-six feet wide at the base. Walls such as these proceed toward the fifty feet in the middle of the valley to be occupied by the overflow.

The overflow well rests upon a foundation of concrete three feet thick and seventeen feet wide. On top of it will rise a stone wall, every stone to be anchored, seventeen feet wide at the base, sloping to three feet wide at the top. This wall will be three feet lower than the dam wall. Back of the stone wall, earth will be packed, giving to the base a total width of forty-eight feet, while the top will be all told sixteen feet wide. This earth will be paved with stone. At both ends of the overflow, wing walls will be built running south, which will be made of Massillon stone. They are to act like braces or somewhat like buttresses. On the west side of the reservoir the pump house is going up. This will be a plain but very neat brick affair, adapted for the purpose, inside of which will be a Blake Compound Duplex Pumping Engine, and an 8x12x12 vacuum pump. These somewhat prosy figures and facts may give a clearer idea of the work while under way, but they do not differ from the general plan outlined before in the INDEPENDENT.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

Items of Interest to the Various Fraternal and Benevolent Societies.

K. O. F. E.

The Grand Lodge of Kentucky will hold its annual session on the 21st, 22d and 23d inst., at Newport, Ky.

A new lodge was instituted in Lorain on the 10th inst. Several of the grand officers of Ohio and West Virginia were present.

It is thought that the administration of Supreme Chancellor Douglass will be the most successful one since the organization of the order.

Grand Chancellor Beans has granted a dispensation for a new lodge to be located at Centerburg, Knox county. It was instituted yesterday.

The Supreme Chancellor has approved an application for Teutonia Division, U. R., to be located at Port Huron, Mich. Why don't the brethren of this city organize a division?

A. O. U. W.

The Grand Master Workman is busy organizing a lodge in Canton.

The charter for new lodges has been reduced from \$100 to \$50, and the minimum charge allowed for conferring the degrees has been fixed at \$2, optional with lodges as to higher fees.

Anchor Lodge, No. 52, of Youngstown, was awarded the first prize by the Grand Lodge, consisting of a handsome silk banner. The presentation speech was made by Grand Master Workman I. A. Justice.

Under the new law all members whose beneficiary certificates have stood suspended more than one month and less than three months must sign a certificate of good health before they can be reinstated.

MASONIC.

The Norwalk Commandery, Knights Templar, has arranged for an excursion to the St. Louis Conclave, in which all Massillon knights, their wives and daughters, are invited to attend. The train will leave Norwalk on Sunday next at 6 p. m., on the Wheeling & Lake railroad, and the fare will be just twenty-five dollars for the round trip, including sleeping car accommodations on

the road and while in the city, also meals on the road, and two a day while in the city. This is the cheapest and most pleasantly arranged excursion party that will leave Ohio.

President McBride will turn over the affairs of the Miners' Association to Vice President Hysell on the 25th of September, and select some member of the Executive Board to assist him. The President, however, will always be ready to give advice in any and all matters of importance to the members of the Association, State and National, should he be consulted or asked to give advice.—Labor Tribune.

THE TWO CONFERENCES

Are Now United Into One, the Assignments are Made and the Ministers all Depart.

Thursday afternoon the Muskingum and Western Reserve Conferences met in joint session to settle the great question before them, that of uniting the two Conferences into one.

As stated last week the report of the committee favored the union and advocated the name of the Eastern Ohio Conference. With this report before them the discussion was opened by Bishop Weaver. He moved that in order to carry, a two-third majority be required. The motion was barely passed when one to reconsider was adopted. But even this was insufficient, and when the ballot was announced it was found that the project was lost by one vote. Thursday evening the matter was talked over, and another motion to reconsider was made, and the Eastern Ohio Conference was given a large majority.

After a large amount of routine business had been transacted by the new Conference, the report of the stationing committee was read, and was as follows:

EAST OHIO CONFERENCE.

North District—I. M. Moody, P. E.; Sheffield, L. B. Dear, Leon, Jerry Dennis; Fowler, (to be supplied); West Brazetta, J. S. Kendall; Akron, C. Whitney; Richfield, J. H. Sheffield; Sterling, I. Dennis; Lafayette, G. N. Barnes; Cannon, J. M. Poulton; Penfield, E. Sheppard; Troy, R. C. Ward; Ashland, D. W. Sprinkle; Rowsburg, N. J. Lloyd; Lake Fork, H. F. Day.

East District—J. Cecil, P. E.; New Milford, M. F. Fritz; Alliance, W. Robinson; Palestine, S. Corl; Louisville, E. J. Collins; Canton, Wm. Williamson; Otterbein, R. Watson; Fairfield, J. D. Weyand; Harlem, W. S. Coder; Connotton, B. A. Bonewell; New Runley, J. Noel; Centenary, W. O. Siffert and T. T. Titus, Mt. Olive, to be supplied; Bloomfield, G. W. Athey.

West District—W. B. Leggett, P. E.; Clinton, J. G. Baldwin; Easton, A. R. Bower; Smithville, D. Kosht; Massillon, E. F. Booth; Navarre, S. N. Lemasters; Sugar Creek, W. A. Airhart; Crooked Run, D. W. Slusser; New Philadelphia, M. M. Phillips; Bethel, J. F. Leggett; Noble, J. H. Miller; Central Ohio, J. Jones; Beach Grove, J. W. Kinney; Marietta, M. L. Oliver; L. B. Perkins, Conference Evangelist.

Sunday, a number of city pulpits were filled by the visiting ministers, who left Monday, but not before expressing many thanks for the hospitality and many courtesies shown them during their stay.

THE PROGRAMME.

Fourth Institute of the Sunday School Association.

The Fourth Institute of the Sabbath School Association of Mahoning Presbytery, to be held in connection with the Fall meeting of the Presbytery, will take place in the Presbyterian Church, Massillon, Ohio, Monday and Tuesday, September 20 and 21, 1886. The church at Massillon extend a cordial invitation to all Sabbath School officers and teachers connected with the Presbytery to meet with them. All who think of attending are requested to notify Dr. Bailey by postal card beforehand that the place of entertainment may be assigned them.

These meetings are open to the public and all who are interested will be welcome. John F. Clark, President; Mrs. Florence A. Burke, Rec. Secretary; Rev. D. V. Mays, Cor. Secretary.

FIRST SESSION—MONDAY EVENING.

7:00—Devotional exercises.

7:30—The duty of the Parent and Teacher in bringing the child into the full communion of the church, Rev. A. B. Marshall, New Lisbon.

8:30—Question Drawer.

SECOND SESSION—TUESDAY MORNING.

9:00—Devotional Exercise.

9:30—Report of Schools, by Superintendents.

10:00—Temperance Work in the Sunday School, Rev. Wesley M. Hyde.

10:40—Organizations and government of the Sunday School, M. J. Clancy, Esq., Leontonia, Ohio.

11:15—Question Drawer.

THIRD SESSION—TUESDAY AFTERNOON.

2:00—Business meeting.

2:30—Scope and aim of the Sunday School, Rev. J. D. Williams, Warren, Ohio.

3:00—Who can help and how, Mrs. Hattie Harris, Niles, Ohio.

3:30—Art of questioning, Prof. E. A. Jones, Massillon, O.

4:00—Bible class lesson for September 19th. John 17: 1, 3, 11, 21. Rush Taggart, Teacher, Salem, Ohio; Rev. W. D. Sexton, Alternate, Salem, Ohio. Closing addresses.

AN OPINION

Upon the Recent Work of Smith and Schmachtenberger.

The INDEPENDENT has been at some pains to obtain the views of persons who would naturally be expected to have an opinion founded on some reason in regard to the recent act of the County Commissioners in electing a so-called Sheriff.

A lawyer, who to do him justice, says that he has given the subject no especial attention, has given expression to these views.

Says he, section 11 reads as follows:

Section 11. When an elective office becomes vacant, and is filled by appointment, such appointee shall hold the office till his successor is elected and qualified, and such successor shall be elected at the first proper election that is held more than thirty days after the occurrence of the vacancy; but this section shall not be construed to postpone the time for such election beyond that at which it would have been held had no such vacancy occurred, nor to affect the official term, or the time for the commencement of the same, of any one elected to such office before the occurrence of such vacancy.

This is a general provision, and Section 1208, the one used by Prosecutor Welty, says in contradiction:

Section 1208. When the offices of sheriff and coroner become vacant the Court of Common Pleas, if in session, or the county commissioners, if the court is not in session, shall appoint some suitable person to fill the vacancy in the office, who shall give bond and take the oath of office prescribed for the sheriff, and hold the office for and during the unexpired term of the sheriff whose place he fills.

"And in case of vacancy in either office by death, resignation, removal or permanent disability of the sheriff or coroner, if, in the opinion of the county commissioners, the public interests require it, they may, by order of their journal and publication thereof for at least two weeks, in some newspaper or papers printed in the county, order a special election to fill the vacancy; which election shall be held and conducted in the same manner as other county elections, and the person elected giving proper bond and taking the oath of office, shall hold his office for the unexpired term."

This is a special law, and would probably take precedence, providing there is nothing back of either.

But the root of the matter cannot be settled by either. Sheriff Lee died while serving his first term, and Mr. Leininger, as coroner succeeded him, according to law. Then Leininger, because Lee had qualified for his second term, assumed an unwarranted privilege in commencing to fill that. He could not, as coroner, fill an office as the successor of a man who had never filled the office. Then, in accordance with Section 11, the Commissioners might have selected a man to act, it might have been the Coroner, until the next general election which would have been last Spring. As it is now, Leininger is Sheriff, not as one filling the "unexpired term of the Sheriff," following out Section 1208, but as an appointee under Section 11, whose tenure of office lasts only until his successor is elected and qualified.

Now as Leininger's name has been withdrawn from the ticket, Crawford must keep his on. They say that the Sheriff will not, in his proclamation, call for an election of that office. But that makes no difference. The election must take place and the law will sanction it. And if the acting Sheriff refuses to vacate the office, action must be taken in the Common Pleas Court. Should the matter be carried up, and the term expire before the final decision of the courts, the only resource the rightful man can have will be to sue the real incumbent for damages. The actions of such an officer would all be illegal, and the Legislature would have to pass a curative act to prevent litigation.

This view of the case is certainly reasonable, and the name of Richard B. Crawford still leads the INDEPENDENT's ticket.

A SHORT SESSION.

The Council Pays a Lot of Bills and Goes to the Opera.

At 7 o'clock Wednesday evening, all members of the Council except Mr. Huber were on hand, ready to push necessary business through, expecting to hear "The Maid of Belleville" afterward. It did not take long to clear the Clerk's desk, and by half past seven the body had adjourned.

The Street Commissioner's reports for the weeks ending August 28, September 4 and 11, amounting respectively to \$77.00, \$65.76 and \$70.75, were referred.

PETITIONS.

A petition calling attention to an obstruction on Oak street near the canal, was read signed by many residents of that street. Referred.

Many residents of Richville Avenue prayed for electric light at the intersection of Richville Avenue and Young and Kent streets. Referred.

ORDINANCE.

An ordinance to establish a grade on High street was read a third time and passed.

BILLS PAID.

Minie Spiegel.....\$ 1 50

Frank Shepley.....3 00

Frank Erle.....1 50

A. White.....2 00

C. Pepper.....50 00

G. Maier.....50 00

T. Hagan.....50 00

M. Elsas.....50 00

G. M. Richardson.....45 00

C. Baatz.....40 00

Massillon Gas Co.....165 95

M. Boughman.....6 80

Telephone Co.....10 00

A. D. Volkmer.....3 00

L. Limbach.....2 00

Jno. Scherzer.....20 13

D. A. Miller.....51 25

G. M. Osterhelmer.....9 06

Jas. Neall.....27 80

Albright & Co.....3 87

M. Boughman.....10 96

BILLS REFERRED.

W. Castleman.....\$ 18 67

G. Spiegel.....30 40

A. Clements.....262 18

MISCELLANEOUS

An invitation to the Council to attend the Opera House opening in a body, was unanimously accepted.

Mr. Leighley moved that the Main and Tremont street foot bridges be replanked. Carried.

On motion the Council adjourned.

New Orchestra.

Massillon music lovers will be pleased to know Prof. Baer's plans for his orchestra, this winter. He has secured musicians with whom he can produce selections of the highest order, and he promises that the people of this city shall have a finer orchestra than it has ever had before. The following are the names of the members:

Manager—Prof. Henry C. Baer.

Leader—Prof. Michael A. Richeimer.

First Violin and Leader—M. A. Richeimer.

Violin Obligato—H. C. Baer.

Second Violin and Viola—William Schoppelrey.

Cello and Trombone—J. M. Richeimer.

Flute and Piccolo—John Vogt.

Coronet—Joseph Ess.

Clarinet—John Theophile.

Bass—George Ess.

To Pennsylvanians.

The following has been issued: The basket picnic of native born Pennsylvanians, their children and friends, will be held at Lakeside, Meyer's Lake, Wednesday, September 22, the object of which is to afford the participants an opportunity to form each other's acquaintance and perpetuate friendly relations among their descendants. It is proposed, in furtherance of this object, to form a permanent organization of natives of the "Old Commonwealth," to meet annually for purposes of social intercourse, and it is hoped that every person within the limits of Stark county eligible to membership may be speedily enrolled.

A Farm Fire.

The large farm of Mr. John Jacobs, of

A CHALLENGE.

"Good-night," he said, and he held her hand
In a hesitating way,
And hoping that her eyes would understand
What his tongue refused to say.
He held her hand, and he murmured low;
"I'm sorry to go like this.
It seems so frigidly cool, you know,
This 'Mister' of ours, and 'Miss.'"
"I thought—perchance"—and he paused
to note
If she seemed inclined to frown,
But the light in her eyes his heartstrings
smote,
As she blushing looked down.
She spoke no word, but she picked a
speck
Of dust from his coat, little, tiny fleck,
"Was a wonder she saw so well;
But it brought her face so very near,
In that dim, uncertain light,
That the thought, unspoken, was made
quite clear,
And I know 'twas a sweet "Good-
night."—James Clarence Harvey.

A GLIMPSE OF THE PATHETIC.

An Old Man's Experience in the Wilder-
ness—His Home-Sickness.

I had a glimpse of the pathetic the other day. Riding out from a town, whose chances of being a city are fully equal to her dreams, we took dinner at an oasis in a desert of speculative claims. We had to navigate—another tender foot was with me—to reach our dinner. For miles we drove over prairie sod as tough and un-
subdued as ever rose unmarked by the
hoofs of buffalo in early spring. In some
places spring fires had mowed off the dry
grass and left the sod to spring up in
green after-growth. Buffalo wallows and
their counterparts, "burn-outs," were nu-
merous. Houses, straw-stacks and fall-
ing claim shanties built of sod dotted the
horizon and furnished headlands by
which to steer. Braking, grown up to
weeds or lying in flat ribbons as far as
the eye could reach, served to indicate
sections and center lines, and so after
tacking and putting about several times
we reached our destination, sixteen miles
northwest of town. We had passed sev-
eral comfortable homes and thriving
fields of wheat and oats in the latter
part of the trip, but in the latter portion
thrift and enterprise had yielded to weeds
and speculation. The land was not so
good, but, quite good enough for non-
fe-dential traffickers in the toil and per-
severance of actual settlers.

We were cordially received, unhar-
med and fed by a white-haired man of
50, who, with his son, were struggling
with nature and comparative solitude.
He cooked a good dinner, and over it told
us about his experience in this third wild-
erness. He had pioneered in Illinois and
Wisconsin for thirty years. "I can
stand working hard and living as I did in
the woods of Wisconsin on a simple fare.
Work is about the same everywhere, and
there's something about this climate that
will make a lazy man want to work; but,
sir, this solitude is wearing on me. I'm a
man of social habits. Every sane man
wants to be among his fellow-men, and
here, except Small, who lost his wife
after bringing her here half dead from
Michigan, we haven't a neighbor within
three miles. I'll tell you what I'll do—
and he looked out of the window on to
"sixty acres of fine wheat as the 1st
of June found anywhere—if I can trade
this half section for some small farm
somewhere in the east where there are
farm houses, churches, school houses,
town meetings and such like, I'll do it and
let the big farm go." He spoke with a
fervor such as breathes in those lines:
"O, solitude, where are the charms that
rages have seen in thy face?"

The silence and suspension of the appetite
that followed gave way to the pathetic
and then a heated debate between father
and son ensued. "Give it up! Trade for
a rustle-hill farm? Not much. You've
sided too hard for three years, father, to
go to plowing kitchen garden furrows
again," said the son, and then the old man
lifted his head, picked up his fork, smiled
and remarked: "It will be for me, John,
when we get a reaper into that wheat."
This was where the humorists crowded
the pathetic and the compensation of
hardship—"bitching it" and looking for
neighbors—came in and we left the old
man, who is almost tired of plowing, in
a cheerful frame of mind.—Dakota Cor.
Philadelphia Times.

First Class Wood Engravers.

Of the fifteen or twenty first class wood
engravers in this country it may be said
that they have as much to do as they can
do, and are paid for it as much as ever.
Two hundred dollars for engraving a full-
page picture in one of the leading maga-
zines is not an uncommon price, and some
engravers will do the work in a fortnight,
and often in less time. Perhaps fifteen
engravers are now earning steadily \$5,000
a piece a year, and thus are better off
financially than hundreds of American
miners. But scores of good engravers
who do not belong to the first rank have
been driven to the wall, the work that
they once did being done by process men
at lower rates. Some of them are earning
a modest living in the service of the
process men; many of them are perplexed in
spirit. Much of the process work is very
beautiful, especially reproductions of
paintings from copper and galathea plates,
and there never was a time when the
painter in oils or water colors saw his
best efforts multiplied so faithfully and so
extensively.—George W. Sheldon in New
York Star.

Her Crown of Glory.

Gray and red are the coarsest hair, black
less coarse than these, brown finer, and
flaxen finest. In Spain auburn hair, and
even red, is looked upon as a great
beauty; so it has usually been in coun-
tries where dark complexions predomi-
nate. Witness the blue eyes and golden
tresses of the classical poets of antiquity,
and the yellow periwigs which the Roman
ladies of the imperial times used to im-
port from the banks of the Rhone and the
Danube.—Exchange.

Descendants of Miles Standish.

It may not be generally known that a
son of Capt. Miles Standish in course of
time married a daughter of Priscilla
Alden, from whom are said to be de-
scended many prominent men, including
two presidents of the United States.—
Portland (Me.) Transcript.

The Other Fellow.

"The born poet," truly remarks Miss
Cleveland, "has no agony in his song." In-
stead, no. It is the poor wretch who lis-
tens to his song who lies awake and moans
for the chloroform.—Burdette.

HOMELESS CHILDREN.

SHOULD THEY BE PERMANENTLY
SHELTERED IN ASYLUMS?

Or Should They at Once be Placed in
Families?—One of the Evils of Charit-
able Enterprises Generally—Juvenile
Delinquents.

An address lately delivered before the
national conference of charities and cor-
rection at St. Paul, Minn., by Mr. William
P. Letchworth of New York, contains
some very interesting statistics. Mr.
Letchworth is the president of the New
York state board of charities, and the sub-
ject upon which he spoke, the "Children
of the State," is one which he has
made himself thoroughly familiar.
The whole number of children under 16
years of age in the United States is given
as 20,043,639. Of these, according to the
census of 1880, there were 61,636 in the
founding asylums, orphan asylums,
other establishments for homeless and
destitute children, and the juvenile re-
formatories of the different states, nearly
one-half of whom, or 22,338, were in New
York institutions. The census also gave
the total number of idiots in the United
States as 76,895; blind, 48,928; deaf, 33,
878. Of these defectives, 159,701 in all,
only 10,064 were in educational institu-
tions other than day schools. The New
England states had a population of 4,341
blind persons, and only one public institu-
tion for their instruction, containing 90
inmates. There were no schools for deaf
mutes in New Hampshire and Vermont,
and none for the blind nor the deaf in
New Jersey, Delaware, Florida or Ne-
vada.

HOMELESS AND DESTITUTE.

With respect to homeless and destitute
children, the question arises whether
they should be permanently sheltered in
asylums or at once placed in families by
adoption, indenture or verbal agreement.
Mr. Letchworth would follow the sensible
plan of sending out those fit to go into
decent homes and keep the rest in the
asylum until they are licked into shape.
As it is, the tendency is to retain the
children too long in a-y-lums whose man-
agers take a pride in mere numbers, for
the more they have the more important
their function appears. This is one of the
great evils of charitable enterprises
generally. The larger the show they can
make the greater the amount of atten-
tion they can attract and of money they
can obtain; for even in the conduct of
charities there is sometimes, if not often,
a good deal of humbug. Protracted
asylum life, too, is bad for the young,
and they must eventually go through the
outside world.

Of recent years the English and Scotch
system of boarding out, as it is called,
has been tried to some extent in Massa-
chusetts, Pennsylvania and in the vicinity
of this city, but the trouble with it is that
the boys and girls boarded out are dis-
tinguished as paupers among those with
whom they associate, for their mainte-
nance is paid for by public or private char-
ity, and they are badly handicapped in the
race of life. Children who are sent into
families to be adopted or under indenture
do not suffer from such disadvantages,
and their chances of advancement are con-
sequently greater. Besides, if the state
adopts the plan of paying board, people
will refuse to take pauper children with-
out recompense. It is not a good system
for this country.

THE BLIND AND THE DEAF.

Mr. Letchworth argues in behalf of
further provision for the instruction of
the blind and the deaf, though he is of
the opinion that our existing institutions
for them compare favorably with those
of Europe. But he does not favor the
project, which has been several times before
our state legislature, of a state asylum for
the adult blind. Give them instruction
that will help them to self-support, he
wisely argues, and then let them take
their part in the work of the community.
In asylums they will remain throughout
their lives dependent and incapable of
self-reliance.

The instruction of the idiotic, or feeble
minded, has produced results which have
been surprisingly successful, and there-
fore he would foster and extend it, and in
needful cases would continue the in-
struction of the state after the school age
was passed. As to juvenile delinquents,
as called, he would have more care taken
in separating the bad cases from those
who are less depraved, so that gradua-
tion from a house of refuge should not
put a brand upon a boy. To that end he
would put hardened criminal youth in
distinct institutions, while children sim-
ply unfortunate should be placed under
different influences and amid better as-
sociations. The reform schools, too, he
thinks are a large for the proper care
of their inmates, and he calls for more
careful supervision to prevent the com-
mitment of children to houses of refuge
on frivolous charges.—New York Sun.

Demand for a Smaller Coin.

There is a growing demand in this city
for a smaller coin than the cent. The lit-
tle red coin has traveled west until it has
reached the shores of the Pacific, where it
may be said to meet the brass cash of
Cathay, and no smaller coin is needed in
the west. But here a half-cent would
tend to prevent waste among the poorer
people. There are plenty of coins of the
kind which are retained at a cent each, and
which could be, and would be, profitably
used. One must buy an even number
of pounds of sugar and an even num-
ber of some kinds of goods, or lose a half
cent. It will sound mean to some peo-
ple to hear one complain of the loss of
half a cent, but the old Scotch proverb
about willful waste and wanton waste
can not be ignored. "The standard coin
of France is the franc," said a Frenchman
to me, "and it is as big a coin there as a
dollar is here. That is because we have
also the centime—a fifth of your cent. It
would make America richer to give the
people a half-cent coin."—Cor. Brooklyn
Eagle.

A Maimed Michigan Community.

The visitor to this city, or in fact to any
of the cities that compose the hub of the
Saginaw valley, is forcibly struck with
the large number of fingerless, handless,
and armless men and boys that are to be
seen during an hour's walk on the busiest
thoroughfares. Your correspondent's curi-
osity was so excited by this circumstance
that he sought an explanation from an
acquaintance, who suggested a visit to
one of the sawmills on the river bank.
The sawmill is the explanation for the
absence of arms, hands, and fingers.—Bay
City Cor. Inter Ocean.

When narrowed down to "sink or
swim," the hard work that most young
men can stand would surprise them.—Jud
Latagan.

HORSE CAR MANNERS.

AS SEEN AND STUDIED IN THE
CITY OF NEW YORK.

"Natural Protectors," Who Do Every-
thing but Protect—The Man Who Sits
With His Foot in Another Passenger's
Face—A Woman Suffragist's Manners.

(Special Correspondence.)

New York, Sept. 13.—"American men
are the most gallant in the world." This copy
book proverb has been repeated so often dur-
ing the last fifty years that a great many
persons believe it. I did myself until I lived
in this city. Much street car observation has
shattered my faith in this flattering assertion.
Here, indeed, one sees the porcine part of
man's nature as nowhere else under the sun.



"NATURAL PROTECTORS" GETTING ABOARD
AN ELEVATED TRAIN.

There must be a peculiar viciousness about
public conveyances, street cars and elevated
railroads. They exert a demoralizing influ-
ence which works upon male travelers, to the
temporary extinction of their natural and
acquired politeness. Men whose manners are
without blemish in the parlor, at the theatre
or club, develop into superlative bores the
instant they breathe horse car atmosphere.

The New York man makes the earth tol-
erably bitter for women who are obliged to
travel mainly in the cars. As a "natural
protector" he does everything but protect.
Ladies can only board a car at the peril of
their lives where he is numerous. The picture
above represents the difficulties encountered
by the fair and delicate sex when undertaking
to get aboard a car for which several of the
"most gallant in the world" have been wait-
ing. The men rush in, knocking the women
to the right and left, with no more care for
their comfort than they would have for so
many flies. Feminine hats must be held on
by the hands, satchels and parasols are
knocked out of their grasp, broken and pos-
sibly trampled on. The "gentlemen" must
board at whatever cost. Being always first
on the car they have a chance to get the
seats, which they at once take possession of,
and never relinquish till they reach their
journey's end. When the ladies do last get
aboard, with crumpled hats, disarranged
garments, and bruised bodies nothing is left
for them but the aisle. Every male bled sits
firmly in his seat as a cowboy in his saddle,
evidently anxious to prevent themselves from
being betrayed into some act of politeness—
an altogether unnecessary self-suppression.

These are the creatures whom Donn Piatt
has appropriately christened "car hogs." No
man, who pretends to possess the instincts
of a gentleman, would be caught sitting down
in a parlor while a woman stood for want of
a chair. Does the nickel he pays for a ride
absolve him from the claim of being a gentle-
man? Can he afford to sell his politeness at
such a figure? or any figure? Occasionally
some one comes to the defense of the street
car hog, and in explanation of his selfishness
says that the women, for whom he vacates
his seat, do not thank him or smile upon him.
Could any plea be more childish? No one is
honest simply for the pleasure of being
thankful for his honesty. Why should a man
be polite only when he is rewarded with
gratitude? He owes it to his self-respect
to be polite, thanks or no thanks. One wonders
how many of them can so unflinchingly ad-
vertise their bad breeding.

If keeping their seats were their only ob-
ject against manners, they and their selfish-
ness might go unrebuked, but their coarse-
ness goes to disgusting lengths. Behold the
man in the following picture. He is one of
thousands who always, while on the horse
car, cross their legs, letting the upper foot
reach clear over the aisle and into the lap
of their opposite neighbor, man or woman. In
this case it is a woman, whose morning ride
to her place of business is made unendurable
by the smell of dirty leather within a foot of
her nose. The owner of the foot would
probably fight any man who told him to his
face that he was no gentleman. He dresses
like a gentleman. There the resemblance
ends. He certainly would never win the
prize at Princeton college for being a gentle-
man, the definition of the term being, "One
who habitually prefers the interests of others
before his own."

How could any person, man or woman,
pass the man of the elevated foot? By crawl-
ing under like a dog, or jumping over like
an athlete. Four or five such monsters in
one car do much toward adding picturesque
disagreeableness to a two-mile trip.

Another excuse frequently offered in be-
half of "car hogs" is that they are business
men, and tired, and that mostly the ladies
who crowd on the horse cars at 5 or 6 o'clock
have been "doing nothing but shop all day."



THE PASSENGER WHO PROTRUDES HIS FOOT.

If that were true, which it is not, the excuse
would still be the meanest within the power
of the human intellect to invent. There is no
harder work than shopping, and among all
classes it is as much a necessity as anything
else. It is noticed, however, that the male
biped is as firmly glued to his seat in the
morning going down town as in the evening
coming up. Most of the women he keeps out

of seats are in business, and are much harder
worked and far worse paid than he.

Indeed, I have noticed again and again
that the most completely developed car hogs
are well-to-do brokers, lawyers, men who
have good incomes and lead luxurious lives.
The women who hang to straps are mostly
wearing clerks, teachers, typewriters, copyists,
feminine women, all orders of industrious femi-
ninity who usually go nightly to their homes
worn to the bone. Their pale faces and ner-
vous hands ought to shame the stalwart men
who rush in ahead and grab the seats before
they can possibly get their noses inside the car.

On the elevated platforms women who
value their lives can't get aboard until the
"natural protectors" are all in and com-
fortably provided for. Here, indeed, the "natural
protector" shows off to great advantage. He
protects women from getting on in time to
get a seat. The horse car platform is also
monopolized by the "most gallant in the
world." The railing which passengers, by
printed injunction, are commanded to take
hold of to get on and off, is used exclusively
as a prop for male smokers. Ladies can only
get inside the car by squeezing themselves
past the capacious and protruding stomachs
of these smokers, with nothing to steady
themselves by. They get snore in their eyes,
ashes on their clothing, and consider them-
selves lucky not to have had their garments
set on fire.

When they finally get in, if they are per-
mitted to sit down at all, it is apt to be in
places recently vacated by expectorators of
the most able type. Horrible filth covers the
floor. This is unavoidably mopped up by the
skirts of their gowns, and their misery is
complete. O. P. Bunce, in his little manual
of mistakes and improprieties more or less
prevalent in conduct and speech, known as
"Don't," says:

"Don't rush for a seat in a car or at a public en-
tertainment, in utter disregard of any one else,
pushing rudely by women and children, pushing
men who are older or less active, and disregard-
ing every law of politeness. If one should, on an
occasion of this kind, lose his seat in consequence
of a little polite consideration, he would have the
consolation of standing much higher in his own
esteem, which is something."

Again he quotes from some other writer
with equally correct views:

The manners of the people in public vehicles
seem daily to be growing worse, and if they con-
tinue to decline it will become almost impossible
for ladies, at least, if not gentlemen, to enter
them. The first thing one encounters when
he attempts to take a car, is a cad lazily lounging
against the platform rail, with his legs stretched
out so that, unless you are alert, you stumble over
him, while, perhaps, a puff of smoke is blown in
your face. Such a fellow should be promptly
kicked in the street, but it is amazing that such a
thing should be tolerated; but ladies dare make
no open protest, gentlemen are heedless, the con-
ductor is complacent, and the brute remains un-
disturbed, although he has no more right to
empty this matter in a public vehicle than any
other kind of filth. One once has left the car
the conductor has probably rudely shoved him by
the shoulders in demanding his fare; he has been
compelled to listen to abusive whistles and other
coarse remarks, and his emergence from the vehicle
has been accomplished only after a struggle with
the bores that congregate on the platform.



THE SUFFRAGE HUNTER WHO NEVER BUDGED.

I have noticed that the men here who do
gallantly get up and give their seats to ladies
are apt to be either western or southern. The
native New Yorker regards himself as too
great a creature altogether to put himself out
to make way for "mere women," whom in all
stations he considers his inferiors. He has
patterned his manners after foreign examples
mostly, and of a very common order of ex-
amples at the soil. No New York is not Ameri-
can. The soil it stands on is all that is Ameri-
can about it. It contains, for the most part,
foreign people and is given over to foreign
habits, manners, customs and forms of living.

Old school gentlemen are scarce here. The
few that, like the buffalo and the Indian, too
much progressive civilization has almost ex-
tinguished him. He gets up, no matter how
infirm and aged he may be, because his self-
respect would not allow him to keep his seat
at the sacrifice of his politeness. The work-
ing man, his kit of tools in hand and weary
from a long day of hard work, rarely sits
while ladies stand. Never if he is a native
American. The widow's son in knickerbock-
ers, whose stockings show a mother's night-
darning, courteously surrenders his seat to a
lady, though his slender limbs may be tired
from much running of errands or other work.
He has been bred in the school which respects
women and sympathizes with their weakness
and weariness of body.

The men who never get up are the lazy
lawyers, sleek brokers and bloated gour-
mands, who spend their lives largely in com-
fortable chairs, and are familiar with "the
fat of the land." They are lost to all thought
for others. The great god Self possesses them
entirely. The man who, at banquets, toasts
"the ladies, God bless 'em," with fulsome
speech and knightly gesture, remains glued
to his seat. Women may come and women
may go, but he sits still forever. The editor
remains prim in his corner, terribly shocked
at the rudeness of other men, and then goes
down to his office and writes a "slashing" ar-
ticle on the decadence of manners." The
dude, immaculate as to collar and cuffs, and
disagreeably maculate as to manners and
morals, gets up only when a "mashable" fair
one enters.

I saw a horse woman suffrage firmer keep
his seat in a male car, with the firmness of
a government official, and the selfishness attrib-
uted to swine, while two old women and
several young ones stood. One of the younger
ones had a baby in her arms, too; yet the
week before I had heard him make a speech
in which all men who did not wear themselves
to skeletons in trying to make this world a
more habitable place for women, were de-
nounced in terms as strong as polite ears could
listen to. I particularly remembered
his saying "this world wasn't fit for
a lady to live in." I agreed
with him. Still stronger was my in-
ferment of the "this is in the picture, the
on a horse car. But who has a nose that
one in the high hat, the real life is nose. The
tells tales. The nose in which my artist
black and white imitation, which no justice
was obliged to conform to, as in OLIVER.

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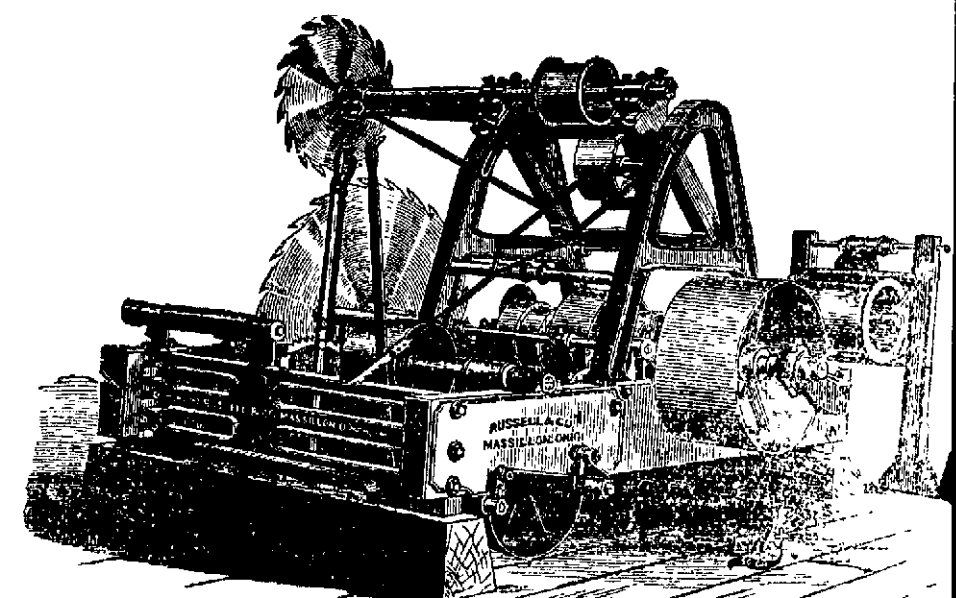
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Don't waste your money on a run or rubber coat. The FISH BRAND SLICKER
is absolutely water and wind proof, and will keep you dry in the hardest storm.
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not have the "FISH BRAND" send for descriptive catalogue to A. J. TOWER, 20 RIMMON ST., BOSTON, MASS.

OCEAN TRAVEL IN 1886.

FAST STEAMERS, CHEAP FREIGHTS.
ENGLAND'S OCEAN MONOPOLY.Steering Profits—The Tramps of the Sea.
\$25,000,000 Spent Abroad Yearly by
Americans—English Railway Peculiarities—
The Penny Versus the Dollar.

[Special Correspondence.]

INMAN STEAMER, CITY OF RICHMOND,
ATLANTIC OCEAN, 375 MILES
FROM QUEENSTOWN, Sept. 1.

I am writing this letter in the cabin of a big ocean steamer. My light comes from a little round porthole the size of a tin wash-basin, and the cabin is of the size of a 6x10 hall bedroom. My only furniture is a camp stool, a sofa and two beds which run along the wall like the berths of a sleeping car, one above another. At the back of the room there is a stationary washstand, and over this a 12x14 inch looking glass in a walnut frame. The iron ceiling of this room is about seven feet from the floor. It is studded with the heads of rivets as big as an old-fashioned cent, and, like the rest of the room, is painted white. A silk portiere swings to and fro in the breeze from its brass rod over the door, and the color of this, like that of the curtains of my little round window, are crimson. A piece of Brussels carpet covers the floor, and an electric button at the side of the door will bring me a servant at the touch of my finger. I take my three full meals a day in a dining saloon as large as that of a good-sized hotel, and I have a promenade walk about the upper deck seven times a day which makes just one mile. My company is made up of eighty ladies and gentlemen and boys and girls of all ages, complexions and sizes, from the little 15-months-old baby, who is going to Belfast with her grandfather, a member of the Produce Exchange of New York, to the stiff, gray-haired supreme court judge of Connecticut, who is about to visit his son, the consular clerk at Liverpool. Then there is the population of the second cabin, who have quarters below us in the stern of the boat, and the hundreds in the steerage, who are below on the other side near the prow. All classes seem to be happy. We have had no rough weather, though we are now beginning our ninth day at sea, and the time, with reading, chatting, walking, sleeping and eating, flies as fast as it does on shore. To-morrow we will be at Queens-town, and the day following the ship will lie in the docks at Liverpool.

Ocean travel is rapidly changing, and the steamboat is improving as fast as the railroad train. The first ocean steamer was built near New York in 1819, and she made a trip across the Atlantic one year later. She was named the Savannah; she was of 380 tons burden, and when she came into Liverpool, after a passage of twenty-five days, she was the wonder of all the world. The big ocean steamship of to-day is of from 4,000 to 8,000 tons, and she makes her passage from New York to Queenstown in from six days and a few hours to twelve or thirteen days. Some shipowners now assert that the passage across the Atlantic will soon be made in four days, and the engineer of this vessel tells me that fast ocean travel is fully as safe, though more expensive, than slow travel. The coal consumed by the seven days' steamers is nearly three times as much as that consumed by the ten days' steamers, and fuel is one of the largest items in the cost of steamship travel. Some of the fast Cunard steamers burn 340 tons of coal a day, whereas the City of Richmond, of about the same size, but a ten days' steamer, requires only from 100 to 110 tons per day. It costs about \$5 a ton to buy this coal and put it in the furnaces of the ship's engines, so that the difference between the seven days' and ten days' steamers in the cost of coal alone is over \$1,000 per day.

Can you appreciate how much 300 tons of coal a day means? Fifteen tons of coal is a yearly allowance for a small family in an eight-room house. The daily consumption of the Euribia would keep twenty such families for a year and the 1,300 tons which this ship carries on each trip, would more than supply a village of eighty families for that time. The coal used here is slack. It is stored in great vaults and fifty-four men are required to put it in the furnaces. The ship has twenty-seven furnaces, each of which is as big around as a ton of hay on the farmer's wagon and about twice as long. They are away down in the bottom of the ship, and as I crept in and out among them yesterday, by the aid of the chief engineer and his lantern, and saw the blaze of their entrances, felt the consuming heat of their surroundings and talked with the twenty, sooty men who were kept at them all day shoveling coal, Dante's Inferno did not seem very far off and Hades was personified before me.

The faster steamers have 100 men to attend to their furnaces. They must be kept going night and day and the labor is very hard. The furnaces are so hot that the men must drink great quantities of water, and here they mix the water with oatmeal and each man consumes gallons daily. This is necessary to keep up the perspiration. In such a heat if a man cannot sweat he will die.

This immense cost of coal in the great ocean steamers has given rise to a class of cheaper steamers, which Mr. Shaugleaur, a leading cotton shipper of Georgia, tells me are known as the "tramps of the sea." They are cutting the life out of the carrying trade of the more expensive lines, and have made freight rates materially lower. These boats are iron shells with just enough machinery and furnishing to run them. They do not carry passengers, and they can get along on about twenty tons of coal a day. They have crews of from twelve to twenty hands to run them, and they will go anywhere to get a cargo, and will carry it any place if paid for it. It used to be that cotton shipped to England had to be arranged for as to carriage long beforehand. Now the ocean steamers will take it at any time. If they do not the shipper has only to telegraph for one of these sea tramps, and he will come and take it for him at as low a rate and under as good insurance as the great lines. These sea tramps don't care where they go so they have a cargo. To-day they may land at Liverpool with a ship load of cotton and wheat, and next week be sailing out from England with supplies for the Congo valley. They are owned, I am told, by responsible parties, and can make money on freight rates which would ruin the Cunard, the Inman or the White Star.

Freight rates are now very low, and few of the big steamship lines are making money. Cotton is taken to Europe for a little over \$3 a bale or less than one cent a pound, and the freight of bacon is not much over \$3 a ton. This ship carries great quantities of fresh meat and cheese, and has refrigerators which will carry 400 tons or 800,000 pounds of fresh meat. This is almost entirely of beef. The cattle are killed and dressed in New York the night before the steamer leaves, and the meat is sewed up in cloths and hung up in the refrigerators. Engines keep a draft of air rushing through the meat during the whole ten days' passage, and when it is landed at Liverpool it is in better condition than when it started.

One of the greatest receipts of these big steamship lines comes from their sea cargo passengers, or the emigrants. This ship can carry over 1,000 steerage passengers, and it accommodates them very well, putting men

and women by themselves, and having separate apartments for married people. The emigrants bring their own beds and bedding and their dishes, the last of which are often of tin. The ship feeds them, and it can give them plenty of bread, butter, soups and fresh meat every day, at a cost per passenger of thirty cents, or \$3 for the trip. It charges \$20 per passenger, and has hence \$17 to add to its receipts. One thousand steerage passengers at \$17 equals \$17,000, which goes a great way toward paying the expenses of agents and advertising, and still leaves a handsome profit.

Last year over 280,000 steerage passengers were brought to America, which, at \$20, would make \$5,600,000 paid out by emigrants to the steamship companies. Of these 68,000, in round numbers, came by the North German Lloyd from Bremen, and twenty odd thousand each by the Red Star, White Star and Inman lines. The Cunard carried only 16,000, and the other great lines less. The North German Lloyd leads the ships of the world as an American emigrant line, but this is probably due to the fact that the bulk of emigrants come from the German countries. Returning to the speed of ocean vessels, Mr. Alexander Farlinger, one of our Canadian passengers, tells me that Mr. Thomas Stevens, the head of the Canada Pacific railroad, is having a line of fast steamers built to connect England with his railroad. The passage by them will be shorter than that to New York, and they are to be made fast, without regard to expense. Mr. Farlinger characterizes Stevens as the Vanderbilt of the Canadas and says he has made a great fortune out of the Canada Pacific.

The fastest Atlantic steamer in the world at present is the Euribia, which arrived in New York in August, 1885, within six days, five hours and thirty-one minutes after leaving Queenstown. Ten years ago a ten days' passage from New York to Liverpool was looked upon as very fast traveling, and when in 1882 the Alaska left Europe on one Sunday morning and landed her passengers in Castle Garden on the next Sunday it was a nine days' wonder. Still in 1881 the Arizona made thirteen successive trips, each of which was under eight days, and there are now eight ships which have made the passage one or more times in less than seven days. These are the Oregon, six days nine hours; the Alaska, six days sixteen hours; the America, six days fifteen hours; the Umbria, six days fifteen hours; the Servia, six days twenty-three hours; the City of Rome, six days eighteen hours; the Aurania, six days twenty-three hours and the Euribia, six days five hours. The most of these are new ships. They are of a different build from the slower vessels, have more powerful machinery, and cost more. They also roll more as a rule, I am told, and are hence more conducive to sea sickness.

It is wonderful how Great Britain owns the ocean and how she increases her aquatic population every year. In the days of sailing vessels she ruled the seas, and now her steam whistles scream out the piers of the world's freight market. Two-thirds of the steam tonnage of the world is carried under the British flag, and within the past ten years she has increased the amount of her steam vessels 201 per cent. The United States has increased her tonnage in this time only 10 per cent, and whereas in 1870 we had one-third as many steam vessels as Great Britain, now we have only one-twelfth. Of all the great shipping countries of the world, the United States advances the least. Ten years ago we had a tonnage five times as large as Germany and twice as large as France; to-day Germany has a larger steam tonnage than the United States, and France has two-fifths more vessels than we have. The steam merchant service of Great Britain, France, Norway and Sweden, Italy, Spain, Holland and Russia has increased at the rate of from 250 per cent, in the case of France, to 940 per cent, in the case of Norway and Sweden in the last decade. The United States alone remains stationary, and all the world seems to be feeding off of her.

The passenger travel across the Atlantic is a small item in the economy of ocean traffic, but of the 50,000 Americans whom the purser of this ship estimates, go across the water in the first cabin every year, 60-100 travel in foreign ships and they pay at least \$5,000,000 for their round trip tickets. Estimating that each spends \$400 in Europe, they take out of the United States \$25,000,000 every year. John Bull understands pretty well how to get his fingers into Uncle Sam's pockets, and it is curious to note the catch-penny ways in which he does so. The great railroads of England publish parts of their guides especially for the Americans, and in the cabin and smoking room of every ocean steamer you will find a bushel or so of their guides, each of which will teach you how to get rid of your dollars to the best advantage. You will see that the roads have trains labeled the American express, and some go even so far as to label their engines after our presidents. One engine is put down as named after "President Washington," another "President Lincoln," and a third "President Garfield."

The hotels in Liverpool advertise that they pay "special attention to the wants of American ladies," and the railroads running from Liverpool to London will make up special trains to take fifty Americans there immediately on the arrival of the steamer, if they will pay first-class fares. Pullman cars are attached to these trains, and I see that one line mentions as one of its advantages that it passes through the town where George Washington's ancestors lived.

The English railroads advertise better than the American, and they give a greater amount of information and greater inducements to travelers. Each of the great roads manages the express business of its line, as the Baltimore and Ohio does in the United States. It has its own hotels at the larger stations, and in most cases has omnibus and carriage lines in its larger towns. It puts down in its guide book, first, second and third-class, and also the return fares, and gives its rates for carrying freight and express matter.

A number of these big railway guides lie before me as I write, and the book of each road is as big as our travelers' official railway guide and about twice the size of the yellow guide to American railways, known as Rand & McNally's, or as thick as two copies of Harper's Magazine and about the same size pages. In them buying tickets is called booking, baggage is known as luggage, baggage car as luggage van, and car as carriage. They are full of strange things to the American traveler. Special rates are made to parties of two, better rates for parties of three, and half rates in some cases to parties of thirty. There are scores of advertisements of return tickets, season tickets and circular tours at reduced rates, and the season tickets cost more when they are good for six months than for three. Here on one railroad I see that medical students, scholars, teachers, apprentices and clerks under 19 are carried at half rates if they have papers with them showing that they are bona fide employees or teachers.

The railway laws of England seem to be all made in favor of the railroads. I am told that parliament has passed 4,000 separate acts relating to her railways, and that they are as great and as dangerous monopolies in Great Britain as in America. There is thirty-five hundred millions of dollars of capital invested in them, and they carry a number of passengers every year equal to ten times the entire population of the United States. They have

only one-sixth as many miles of track as the United States, and carry nearly twice as many passengers. Their capitalization is about one-half of that of our railroads, and they employ about one-third the men at about half the wages. Under such conditions it is no wonder they make money, and having money it is no wonder that they influence legislation. The Midland railway of England makes over 10 per cent, yearly on a capital of about \$500,000,000, and it advertises the fact in its guides.

But as to these railway laws—they are noted in each guide and I mention only a few of the most striking. Refusing to give up your ticket when asked by official of company, fine of 42 or \$10; smoking in any shed or platform of railway station or in any car not provided for the purpose, fine of \$10; entering or leaving car while in motion, fine of \$10; entering full car when objection is made by the passengers, fine of \$10; bringing loaded fire arms into cars, fine of \$25; traveling in cars when possessed of infectious disease without notifying officers, fine of \$10; riding on platform or footboard of car, fine of \$10; selling or buying scalpers' tickets, fine of \$10; using tickets whose time has run out, fine of \$10, etc., etc.

In America the unit of small value is the dollar, the quarter and the dime. We rarely get down to the cent, and we never think of giving a present for service received of the nickel. Here the unit of small value is the shilling, the sixpence and the penny, and it is wonderful to the American how the penny seems to rule. Your hotels advertise in pennies, you buy luncheons with pennies, and the shilling is split a dozen times in each hotel and railway advertisement in these guides lying before me. Here is a hotel in Dublin, for instance, which charges, translating the English money into American, for room for one person, 30 cents per night; for two persons, 62 cents per night, and if two different beds are used in the room for two persons, about 75 cents per night. It charges 12 cents for a bath if it is taken cold, and 24 cents if hot. It charges two or three pence more for attendance if you remain in your room all day, and if you don't take a room it will add 6 cents for service at each meal.

John Bull is ever prating of Brother Jonathan's scramble for the dollar. If he will pull the spectacles from his own eyes he will see that his scramble for the penny is quite as ardent, and that the only difference between the money getting desires of the two nations is that Brother Jonathan usually plays a more generous game and for larger stakes—and gets them.

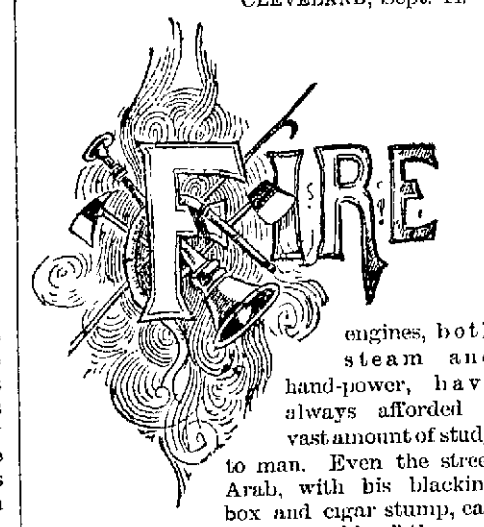
FRANK GEORGE CARPENTER.

CANADIAN FIREMEN.

The Clumsy Fire Machines of Our British Neighbor.

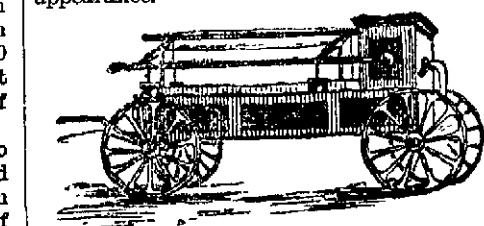
[Special Correspondence.]

CLEVELAND, Sept. 14.



cell you all about the "machine," the men that run it and the origin and full particulars of all the fires that occur on his habitual route.

In the matter of fire apparatus Canada finds herself far behind the age. With the exception of a very few cities in the western provinces, you can only find the old "hand machines," similar to those used in New York before the powerful steam engine made its appearance.



THE HAND MACHINE.

Every town has its brigade. These brigades are composed of men filling every position in life. The old and the young, the professional and the laborer, run side by side. For a very trifling fee citizen may be enrolled in the brigade, and thereby become exempt from jury duty. It is on this account more than anything else that you find half the town enrolled, and the other half ready to volunteer at a moment's notice.



GOING TO THE FIRE.

With the first cry of "fire" the fun and excitement begins. Run, because all routine business is laid aside in a moment, and a wild chase for the engine house instituted. Excitement, because men, women and children run here, there and everywhere. Shouting, yelling, blackguarding and mud rolling is the order. The first person reaching the engine house gives the general alarm by ringing the bell. The machine is run out, every one present grabs the rope, and off they go at a break-neck pace.

Every active member is provided with a uniform consisting of a helmet and white blouse. These he keeps at home; but he is supposed to wear them at a fire in order to be distinguished from a volunteer. As the machine is run down the street, the wives and daughters of the "brigade" appear at the doorway with the uniforms. The gymnastic feats performed by these men, while running through the streets, discarding their coats and hats for their uniforms, beggars description.

At the fire, every one is at perfect liberty to do as he pleases. A rush for the house is the first grand move. Every available article is carried off. Sometimes the unlucky owner has to skulk all over the town before he has collected all his furniture. When a saloon is burned the property (in the form of liquors) very frequently finds its way to very distant localities. On one occasion two "actives" rescued a keg of Scotch whisky, carried it to a house three miles distant and never left it for four days. On "brigade" days the entire force, both active and volunteer, go out for sport, and leave the town to the mercy of Providence.

FRANK S. MARTIN.

A lady, writing to The Philadelphia Ledger, says: "I am the wife of a clergyman, and letters are constantly received by me addressed to 'Rev. Mrs. Smith.' I do not preach to my husband, when he deserves it. When my name appears on a charitable list it is as 'Mrs. Rev. J. Smith.' Fancy my emotions when, upon one occasion, it appeared as 'Mrs. Rev. J. Smith, D. D.,' in the list of a lady prominent in both church and society. Ladies frequently sign themselves 'Mrs. William Jones' or 'Mr. Charles White' who ought to know better—who make claim to culture and are leaders in their own circles."

UNDER ITALIAN SKIES.

GRACE GREENWOOD CHATS ABOUT
MANY INTERESTING THINGS.

A Make-Believe Regicide—Exiled Claimants to Crowns—King Humbert in the Rain—About Titles of Nobility in the French Republic—They Cannot Survive.

[Special Correspondence.]

MILAN, Sept. 1.—We have been having a little sensation in the regicide line. Last week a young soldier of good standing, a sergeant in the Eighty-eighth infantry, now stationed at Monza as guard of the king at his summer palace, attempted to commit suicide by discharging his fusil plump and square into his breast. By almost a miracle he escaped death, the ball not touching any vital part; yet if he lives he must be, they say, "a physical wreck," his right arm being paralyzed. When this would-be suicide was discovered weltering in his gore, in his pocket there was found a letter pompously addressed, "To his Majesty, Humbert, King of Italy," and running thus:



KING HUMBERT OF ITALY.

I have received a command to kill your majesty, but at the moment of action I have thought that your life is precious, and that mine is dear only to my mother. I prefer, therefore, to kill myself. Before dying I commend to your majesty my poor mother.

FRANCESCO DE FRANCISCHI.

On reading this letter, Humbert made a remark which spoke both for his courage and goodness of heart. He said: "This is a crazy fellow, who would render his suicide interesting." The king was, however, mistaken. Though when first interrogated, the sergeant had declared that the "removal" of Humbert was a "little job" laid out for him by a secret society of conspirators whose commands, in an hour of Nihilistic infatuation, he had solemnly sworn to obey, he since has confessed that this story was an utter fabrication, and that he concocted it to give his poor mother a claim on the generous charity of the king. As for the motive of his attempt on his own life, the inevitable "woman in the case," was not a good old lady, but a very naughty young one, whom, on a recent leave, he had met at Alano, his native town. It seems that a watch had been confided to his care, to take to a fellow soldier, which timepiece Signorina Delilah had taken a fancy to and gained possession of by some means, and Francesco, not being able to account for its disappearance, was on the eve of being denounced as a thief, disgraced and stripped of the sergeant's gallant, and preferred death. Perhaps it is a pity he could not have had his choice.

The son of Vittorio Emanuele does not seem well. On the very day of that sensational event, while many about him were alarmed by the sergeant's letter, Humbert drove down to Milan in an open carriage, with no guards, and one attendant. It was on the day of our most terrific thunder storm of the season. What a rain was that—rushing, roaring, pouring, plunging down. It looked, seen across the wide Piazza del Duomo, like a lake on end. Just when the tempest was at its height the king drove into the piazza, toward the royal palace. Some of his loyal subjects, sheltered under the colonnades, raised a shout of "Viva il Re!" and he, seeing himself found out, bowed in return, lifting his hat with his usual exceeding courtesy, baring his anointed head to the pelting flood—for that was a storm in which not a stoutest umbrella could live. About an hour later he started back to Monza—still in the rain, still in an open carriage.

Yet King Humbert knows, by experience, the peculiar perils which beset the best regulated royal families nowadays. "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown"—the only exceptions among present European monarchs being the infantile Alfonso, of Spain, and the imbecile Otho, of Bavaria—and yet how many heads there are that ache and itch to wear that troublous and perilous circlet. Behold in France, or just now out of France, the four pretenders, all after that old crown which the republic has laid on the shelf, yet all posing as distinguished patriots, thinking only of redeeming their beloved country, lifting her from the slough of republican vulgarity and corruption to the old height of imperial glory or Bourbon purity. They are ready and eager to lay themselves out on the altar of la patrie—they are as sacrificial lambs, bleating to be offered up. I thought, with many outsiders, that the government of M. Grevy was of that worse thing than a crime, a blunder, in expelling all those princes, till the indignant exiles went to "proclaiming" so furiously and foolishly—each fellow showing his hand for the proposed game of revolution.

These Partisan arrows were dipped in the very venom of disaffection and sedition, and furnish the best defense for the severe action of the government. Since those manifestos appeared, and since the English have welcomed "the illustrious exiles" with such ostentatious sympathy, I have hoped more ardently than ever that the French republic would continue to "hold the fort" against the two elder men and the two boys, who threaten her most dangerously. In the number of the pretenders is her safety, perhaps.

The four busy Bs may sting one another to death. I do not believe that the dainty Bourbon lilies will ever again really flourish in their native soil, water them with blood and manure them with bones as you will. They will be overgrown by vulgar democratic cereals, or perhaps choked with communistic and atheistic brambles and thistles. I believe the last Napoleonic throne was burned with the Tuilleries. If the present government has strengthened and not weakened itself by this throwing overboard of its Jonaks, and shall enter on a new period of power and prosperity, its tendency must be more and more democratic. An able English writer says: "Titles of nobility cannot long survive in the French republic."

A member of the chamber of deputies aimed a deathblow at them not long since by coarsely proposing that they should be sold in open market. According to his plan, plain citizens, by the payment of certain graduated sums to the government, could call themselves dukes, marquises, counts or barons. The old aristocracy of France is, after all, wise enough to meet the inevitable tide of change half way. It is no longer the "proud and aughty" caste it once was.

GRACE GREENWOOD.

Chat at the Hotel Parlor.

At night the hotel offices and parlors are packed with women, all talking as if their lives depended upon what each was saying. One could not help hearing many conversations. This is part of one. It was between two married women and two blooming girls:

"Oh, I read such a real splendid novel yesterday. I'll lend it to you; it's in my room," said the first married woman—one clad in pink.

"Thank you, dear, what is the name of it?" replied her friend in black.

"Why it is—let me see; well, I don't know, but it's simply exquisite," said the pink one.

"Thank you; I am all out of reading matter. Who was the author of it, dear?" the black dress asked.

"Gracious me! You ask questions like a lawyer. As if I knew who wrote it. I read so many novels, one after another, as fast as I can pick them up and skim through them, that I don't remember names, plots, authors or anything about them. Why, the other day I stopped at the stand by the beach and bought four novels, and when I dipped into them I found I had read every one of them. It was too provoking! I read one more than half through before I found I was—"

"A chestnut," suggested a young girl standing by.

"Oh, how antique you are, Laurie," said another girl. "We don't say 'chestnut' any more in Nashville. We say 'Aawthorne' now."

"And what does that mean?" inquired the first girl.

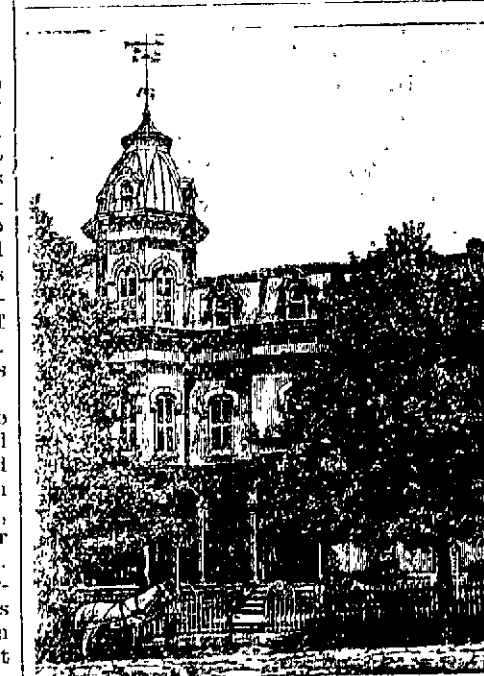
"Why, 'twice told tales,' isn't it good," replied the one from Tennessee.—Cor. Pioneer Press.

New York's Average Physician.

A physician informs me that a careful estimate of the combined income of all the physicians in the city gives an average of only \$400. He says that there are a large number who have been compelled to seek other employments to make a living. This I know to be true, as I have met a number in the newspaper offices. There are a comparatively few who make large incomes, and a good many who make moderate livings. The trouble is altogether out of proportion to the population. The same thing is true of lawyers.—Cor. New York News.

Ignorant Concerning the Egg.

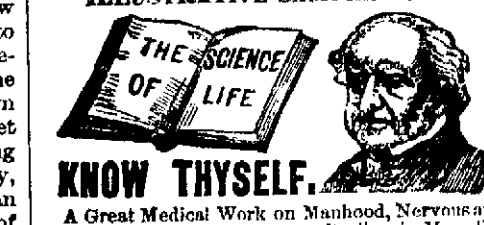
It may seem strange to the non-professional that, in spite of persistent and skillful attempts to solve the problem, chemists are obliged to admit ignorance of the exact composition of so common a substance as the white of an egg; yet, until they acquire an accurate knowledge of the constitution of albuminous substances the process of animal economy can not be explained.—Popular Science Monthly.



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We must reduce our stock in the next three months, and for 30 days offer all the following for only 24 cents: 10 pieces choice New and Popular music, full size, nicely printed; 200 elegant designs in cuttings for Stamping and Embroidery; 100 late and popular songs, including all the gems from the MIKADO, as well as "Dream Faces," "Love, Love, Love," "Sailing," etc., etc., a large collection of new Riddles and Conundrums, over 250 just the thing for picnic and social parties; 250 Motto Verses, just side-splitting, 77 tricks in Magic, 100 Puzzles, all kinds, 25 Popular Games, a Secret Alphabet, 200 Amusing, Interesting and mysterious stories for the young, and a large collection of the best of the above in one package to any address, all prepaid, for 24 cents in postage stamps; 3 packages for \$7. Packages for \$1. Address all orders to WORLD WING CO., 122 Nassau street N. Y. 18-14.

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LAKE MAHOPAC, N. Y.

MY DAUGHTER WAS VERY BAD OFF ON ACCOUNT OF A COLD AND PAIN ON HER LUNGS. DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL CURED HER IN 24 HOURS. ONE OF THE BOYS WAS CURED OF A SORE THROAT. THE MEDICINE HAS WORKED WONDERS IN OUR FAMILY.

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Pumps, Hydrants, Street Washers, Garden Hose and Hose Reels.

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Orders promptly attended

THE COUNTY CAPITAL.

About the Court House—The Action of the County Commissioners—Will it Stand?

CANTON, Sept. 15.—Affairs about the Court House have been very quiet for several weeks. There has been no court, and business of other kinds has been dull. Probate Court has convened, with an ordinary number of cases of the ordinary character on the docket. It is being held in the assembly room of the city hall, owing to the changes being made in the interior of the court house. Common Pleas Court will convene on September 20. The work of changing the court room so as to make court room No. 1 and court room No. 2 is well advanced. Instead of one large room there will be two rooms of a little more than half the size of the original room. Neither will begin to accommodate the crowds that any case exciting more than ordinary interest will attract.

The great subject in court and political circles the past week has been the installment in the Sheriff's office of Dr. Leininger, who has been acting Sheriff since Sheriff Lee's death. A sensation was created Friday when the intelligence spread that he had been sworn in to serve the unexpired period of Sheriff Lee's term, or until January 1888. He appeared before the Commissioners Friday morning, with County Prosecutor Welty and a few friends and was sworn in, having resigned the office of coroner. This action was based on Section 1208, Revised Statute, which declares that when the offices of Coroner and Sheriff become vacant the Commissioners may appoint a man to serve the unexpired period of the Sheriff's term.

The legality of this action is now a question of dispute. A portion of the same section declares that when a vacancy occurs in the office of Sheriff the Commissioners, "if the public interests require it," in their opinion, may order a special election to fill the unexpired period. The Democratic Commissioners do not seem to think that public interests require that the people should be allowed to choose their Sheriff, but that they should appoint one.

Section 11 also refers in plain terms to this case. It says that when an election shall become vacant, and is filled by appointment, the appointee shall hold the office until the next regular election, which occurs more than thirty days after the vacancy occurs. This covers every point in the question at issue.

Why it was done is the subject of discussion now. The opinion is strongly expressed by men who are supposed to have a knowledge of legal points involved that the action of the Commissioners will not stand a test. Dr. Leininger has withdrawn from the Democratic ticket, and is prepared, it is presumed to abide by the consequences of his action. The disgust and ill-feeling which were caused by the gag-rule methods, under which his nomination was secured, are well known. The popularity of Captain Crawford is just as evident. He began to gain from the start, and Leininger and the Democratic managers saw that his chances of election were growing less each day. In order to accomplish what would be impossible if submitted to the popular will this scheme of putting Leininger into the office for another year, and cheating the people of their right, was hatched. This is the popular explanation assigned to this piece of Democratic work.

ELTON ECHOES.

Miners' pay day Saturday. The outlook for steady work is much brighter.

Frank Koehler has come up from Dundee to assist his brother with some of the fall work.

Some of our young people attended the U. B. Conference in your city last Saturday and Sunday.

Relatives of Rev. Martin Beck from Coshocton, O., were entertained at the pleasant home of that gentleman last week.

Job Morgan moved his drill from Greenville to the northeast corner of the church yard, opposite Sam. McFarren's.

Mr. Edson Oberlin is teaching his fourth term at the McFarren school. Forty-six scholars are enrolled, and the daily attendance is good.

The smile on Dannie Snaveley's face is wonderful, but easily accounted for when we consider the pleasing fact that a baby girl has come to brighten his home.

The many attempts to burglarize houses a few weeks ago have caused the people to prepare for these midnight marauders, and give them a warm reception when they return.

The rain Sunday morning was welcome, although it kept all but the faithful few, who seem impervious to weather, from attending the Methodist church to hear Rev. Ruff preach his last sermon this conference year. It is hoped that the "powers that be" will return him next year.

Elton was well represented at the M. E. Sunday School picnic at West Lebanon last Saturday. The occasion was made pleasant by addresses from Revs. Beck and Ruff, a well delivered recitation by Miss Millie Breckel, good singing by the choir, and last, but not least, the West Lebanon band, which furnished excellent music.

CHAPMAN.

Mining Matters—The Proposed Consolidation.

Our mines continue steadily at work so far this month.

Miss Hattie Richards is visiting friends in Ashabula county this week.

M. Dahr and daughters attended the U. B. Conference at Massillon last week.

Granny Lewis returned home from Cleveland last Monday, where she has been visiting the past two months.

J. D. Evans, of this place, attended the Trades Assembly picnic at Canton last Saturday, and says their sports did not amount to anything.

The village of North Lawrence can boast of more poets, politicians, orators, dudes and newspaper men than any other town of its size in the State.

The laboring class of this State has lost an ardent supporter in the person of ex-Representative George W. Love, of Columbiana county, who died last week at New Lisbon.

Part of the old Youngstown Coal Company has secured the services of Thomas Patterson and are drilling for black diamonds on the western border of Massillon, not far from the Bammerlin cheese factory. We heard one of the company being questioned the other day, but he refused to be interviewed. Nevertheless, Dan, we wish you success.

A joint meeting of the Minglewood and Blaine miners was held a few days ago for the purpose of putting a stop to the Minglewood mine loading brush coal for 55 cents per ton, when the price had formerly been settled on at 60 cents. District President Thomas, of Navarre, was present, and, with a few others, succeeded in persuading the miners to discontinue loading for 55 cents. Hereafter the price for loading brush coal will be 60 cents, and this price should be strictly adhered to.

The National Federation meeting, held at Indianapolis last week, refused to consolidate with the Knights of Labor. John McBride taking a strong stand against it, approving the present form, with no organization; for, as it now stands, we have nothing to show that we belong to anything. We pay our ten cents a month, and that is the last of it. Unless you take the *Tribune* you know not what becomes of your ten cents. No statement is ever sent showing the receipts and expenditures, and yet this form is held in preference to an organization that shows up every quarter.

NAVARRE.

Monday the S. A. will hold a festival here.

Jim Mellon is now a resident of Rochester Square.

J. V. R. Skinner, of Massillon, spent Sunday with Navarrites.

Grant Lentz, of Wilmot, circulated among Navarrites on Friday.

Miss Tillie Schuette, of Cleveland is visiting with the family of Steffy Allman.

Rev. W. O. Siffert and wife, of Newcomerstown, spent the past week in Navarre.

Such an abundance of fruit is being stored away for winter use that merchants are unable to meet the demand for glass jars.

We fear before another week that we will be obliged to chronicle an elopement. The parties are Mr. Smith, son of C. K. Smith, of the "Plains," and Miss Stamm, daughter of Chas. Stamm. They are both about ten days old.

A smart act off repeated becomes flat and obnoxious, and the fungoid "smart Aleck" becomes fulsome while smiling at his own tricks. Such is the case in the trick played upon Jno. Weidman, on whose house appeared last Friday morning an effigy holding a stick in such a manner as to resemble a man in the act of discharging a gun, guarding a large board upon which was slanderous and insulting language, not only insulting to John but the entire family. "Loud" tricks are not always smart.

Mr. Tilden and the Doctor.

Two years before his death Mr. Tilden was taking severe medicine, prescribed by Dr. Simmons, to stop or lessen the nervous shaking from which he suffered. The medicine apparently had a good result.

Mr. Tilden, however, always quarreled with it. He said it disagreed with him. One morning he declared to Dr. Simmons:

"I shall stop taking that medicine, it hurts my stomach."

"Governor," said the doctor, "it can not hurt your stomach. Its effects are not on that organ at all."

"But I tell you it does," persisted Mr. Tilden, "and I shall take no more of it."

Dr. Simmons was now really alarmed and said:

"Are you resolved on that?"

The answer was, "I am."

"Then," rejoined the doctor, "at least promise me to leave it off gradually, because if you stop it all at once I would not be answerable for the consequence."

Drawing his chair nearer to the doctor Mr. Tilden laid a hand on the physician's knee, looked him straight in the face, and with a steady glare out of his game eye, said to him in a whisper:

"I have stopped it."

"When?" asked the astonished and alarmed doctor.

"Three weeks ago," answered Mr. Tilden, "and it has not hurt me a bit. You doctors do not know nearly so much as you think you do."—Brooklyn Eagle.

(Continued from 1st page.)

was excluded from the grant. The amount of land involved in this is not less than one hundred thousand acres. But the Northern Pacific company has a double indemnity strip from which to make good this loss.

CUNNING CANADIANS.

Sometime ago the acting secretary of the treasury decided that it was not a violation of the law relative to the coastwise trade if a Canadian vessel on the lakes should take passengers at Cleveland, selling their tickets only to Windsor or some other Canadian port, and at that port selling their tickets for Chicago. The ruling of the acting secretary was that the Canadians did not violate our laws in resorting to this expedient, as they only sold in our ports tickets to a Canadian port. The Canadian vessel-owners, taking advantage of this loophole, decided to prepare to do a large passenger business on the lakes, but their plans are thwarted. Mr. Jenks, the new solicitor general, who is acting as attorney general, and who has frequently torn away flaming disguises from those who were seeking to evade the law, decides in this case that the voyage was practically continuous from Cleveland to Chicago; that the temporary break in the voyage was a trick, and that the Canadian vessel is liable to the legal penalty of \$2 for each passenger.

YOUNG BEECHER'S ACCOUNTS.

The treasury auditing officers have not yet been able to adjust the accounts of ex-Collector Beecher, of Washington territory, the son of Henry Ward Beecher. It appears that when he gave up his office the 5th of last month to a deputy there was a transaction involving \$ 0,300, growing out of the seizure of a quantity of opium at Port Townsend, Washington territory, made during Beecher's incumbency. It was his duty to deposit the amount to the credit of the treasury department, but when he would do so he was told that \$50,000 accounted for as deposited, leaving an apparent deficiency of \$5,300. Letters and telegrams were sent to Port Townsend, San Francisco, and other places where it was thought Mr. Beecher could be found, but up to date not a word has been received in reply. Incidentally it was ascertained that the deputy left in charge of the office had expended the amount in question for collecting revenue, which, as he is a bonded officer, he had no right to do. Meanwhile the vouchers are held up for an explanation from Beecher.

THE THREE PER CENT BONDS.

A statement has been prepared at the treasury department in regard to the disposition of 3 per cent bonds at the close of business Tuesday from which the following figures are taken: Called, \$198,485,550; redeemed, \$27,459,470; outstanding, \$22,026,080; past-due bonds outstanding, \$2,696,550; bonds purchased and redeemed under circular of Aug. 30, 1885, \$788,000; bonds uncalled, \$106,255,450; bonds received to be paid at maturity under the 14th call, \$1,824,400; under the 14th call, \$221,300. There was sent out yesterday \$544,000 in bonds included in the 13th, 13th, and 14th calls, and of course the preceding figures will be changed accordingly.

It is expected that another call for 3 per cent bonds will be issued in a few days. The receipts have been very heavy this month, averaging over \$1,000,000 a day, and are over \$6,000,000 in excess of the current expenditures for the same period. The treasury surplus, exclusive of the \$100,000,000 reserve fund, and the fractional silver in the treasury, is estimated at \$70,000,000.

A special dispatch to the New York Post says that the treasury officials are disappointed in the response to calls for the voluntary surrender of 3 per cent bonds. At first the bonds came in freely, but none have been surrendered since Sept. 3. The total amount received is only \$75,000.

Acting Attorney-General Jenks says he is not yet prepared to give an opinion upon the question as to whether national banks can retain the called 3 per cent bonds as security for circulation after they have ceased to bear interest.

DEATH FOR GERONIMO.

Mr. Mulholland, the acting secretary of the interior, thinks Geronimo will be sent to Fort Leavenworth for life. He has not yet been advised whether Geronimo has been taken as a prisoner of war or not. There is very great regret among army officers, high and low, that he was captured alive. Officials here quite generally oppose any sentimentalism in the treatment of this Indian. The general sentiment is well expressed in this editorial:

"The inference from Gen. Miles' official dispatch is that Geronimo is to be again sent back to the Indian reservation. Against this action there should be a public protest. Geronimo should be delivered over at once to the civil authorities of New Mexico for trial for his murders, and he should be executed upon his conviction. To allow him to return to the reservation is the wildest folly, since he has repaid this leniency with the blackest treachery and the foulest murders every time it has been extended to him. He is a cowardly murderer, and he should be hanged."

At the war department one officer said: "It is true that Geronimo and his blood-thirsty band have been forced to surrender, but at what cost? They have killed our soldiers without receiving a scratch, have been cornered, and yet escaped with impunity. During the greater portion of this campaign against a 'mere handful' of Indians the latter carried on their work of murder and destruction under the very nose of the United States army. I think if the suggestion of the delegate from New Mexico—Mr. Joseph—had been adopted in the first place there would have been less loss of life and a much earlier surrender or capture. He wanted the war department to authorize the enlistment of a regiment of volunteers in his section who were well acquainted with the mountains and used to employing the same fighting tactics as the Indians. The army people, like policemen, are jealous of private interference. Mr. Joseph was therefore not listened to, and in consequence the surrender has been effected only after hardship and loss of life, which should not have been necessary."

The general impression, or rather hope, is that the war department, as it is authorized to do by a recent act of congress, will turn Geronimo over to the civil authorities, from whom he would receive his just deserts.

It is almost certain that the other members of the band will be sent east. The question was raised to-day whether Geronimo could be convicted in the civil courts, no one being able to prove that he actually committed murder. The Chicago anarchists' trial, it is thought, leaves no room for doubt as to what can be said with him. It has been held that sentence of death can be passed not only for the act of murder, but for inciting or conspiring to murder, when the deed is accomplished thereby.

The opinion is general that unless summary justice is meted out to Geronimo army officials will not be able in the near future to view with so much complacency what they now term the end of the Indian war fare. If an example is made of the guilty savages now in the power of the government persons living in the Indian countries, it is thought, will have no further occasion for alarm.

Prince Alexander was accompanied to Turin Severin, Roumania, by nearly all the Bulgarian ministers. He was received at the landing by Roumanian troops and escorted to the station, whence he left for Darmstadt.

The Paris Univers publishes a telegram from the Bishop of Tonquin saying that 700 Christians have been massacred and forty villages burned in the Province of Manho and that 9,000 Christians are perishing of hunger.

Bulgaria is to purchase for \$400,000 the property that once belonged to Prince Alexander, retaining half that sum to liquidate the prince's indebtedness to the national bank. A Vienna dispatch to the London Times asserts that Russia, Germany, and Austria will take common action in regard to the vacant throne.

Europe is still greatly agitated over the Eastern question and much interest is cen-

tered on the meeting of the Bulgarian Assembly. A dispatch has been sent to Prince Alexander by 200 deputies, in which grief is expressed for his absence and an earnest desire indicated to see him among them as their hero Prince and the defender of their liberty and independence. Prince Alexander will not visit Queen Victoria at present.

The Singer

The editor of the Little Rock Gazette is unjust to the young man who sings, not in attempting to deprive him of the mighty prestige which he holds in society, but in attributing to him gay faults which he does not possess. The young man who strangles the neck of the twanging guitar is more to be feared than the sweet singer. Tom Moore, Byron, and even Homer sang, but their standing in society did not depend upon their musical but upon their intellectual voices. Some time ago, the daughter of an old negro married a young buck who had fallen into the habit of singing at church festivals.

"Look heah, Tildy," said the old negro when the ceremony had been performed, "Whut yer want ter marry dat fool nigger fur?"

"Whut fool nigger, pan?"

"W'y de one yer hab jes maird."

"Dis heah one?"

"Yas."

"He ain't no fool nigger. He's got er voice sweeter den er flute."

"Yas," the old man rejoined, "an' I bet yer he got er appetite bigger den er ha'er bushel an', was den dat, he gwine 'pend on me ter gin it sadisfaction, but lemme tell yer, young fellow,' turning to the bridegroom, 'I's got er ole mule dat is powerful fon' o' singin'. W'y, sah, he'll walk erlong an' listen ter yer all day. Beats anything dater way yer eber seed. Wants yer ter bergin singin' ter him in de mawnin' by sun-up. Lemme ketch yer singin' at er nuder festival an' yer'll heah suthin' pop. Dat'll be yer naik. Ef er pusson's got suthin' else ter mix wid it, well er nuff, but ef he hain't den take kere. But I tends fur yer ter mix er little suthin' wid dat monstrous fine voice o' yours—mix cotton, dirt an' er mule wid it. Oh, I'se got yer."—Arkansas Traveller.

One of those heroines of whom the world hears but little lives near Lexington, Ga. Her name is Sallie Hunsford. Her husband has been bedridden with rheumatism for nine years, and she has had a family of four children—two boys and two girls—to support. Last year she bought 107 acres of land, much of it original forest, and with the aid of her two boys, 14 and 15 years old, cleared five acres. She cut down the trees, rolled the logs together, split the rails, built the fence, and burnt the brush, with their help; and made last year nine bales of cotton; also corn and peas enough for her own use, paid 800 pounds for rent last year, paid her store account, and paid \$40 on her land. She has bought her meat for this year, and paid for it. In addition to this she has done the cooking and gone to market with the eggs and chickens.

"Bromley, I'm having a wretched time with my wife. We wrangle fearfully, and she's so wordy that she overwhelms me every time. "Well, Darringer, these little pleasantries are not to be avoided, it seems. My wife and I have reduced them to a science. She demands but two words, and I good-naturedly let her have them. It's a small concession, you see. "I should think it was. I envy you, Bromley, 'pon my soul I do. O, by the way, what are the two words?" "The first and the last."

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Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alums or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 108 Wall St., N.Y.

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Scrofula is probably more general than any other disease. It is insidious in character, and manifests itself in running sores, pustular eruptions, boils, swellings, enlarged joints, abscesses, sore eyes, etc. Hood's Sarsaparilla expels all trace of scrofula from the blood, leaving it pure, enriched, and healthy.

"I was severely afflicted with scrofula, and over a year had two running sores on my neck. Took five bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and am cured." C. E. LOVEJOY, Lowell, Mass.

C. A. Arnold, Arnold, Me., had scrofulous sores for seven years, spring and fall. Hood's Sarsaparilla cured him.

Salt Rheum

Is one of the most disagreeable diseases caused by impure blood. It is readily cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier.

William Spies, Elyria, O., suffered greatly from erysipelas and salt rheum, caused by handling tobacco. At times his hands would crack open and bleed. He tried various preparations without aid; finally took Hood's Sarsaparilla, and now says: "I am entirely well."

"My son had salt rheum on his hands and on the calves of his legs. He took Hood's Sarsaparilla and is entirely cured." J. B. Stanton, Mt. Vernon, Ohio.

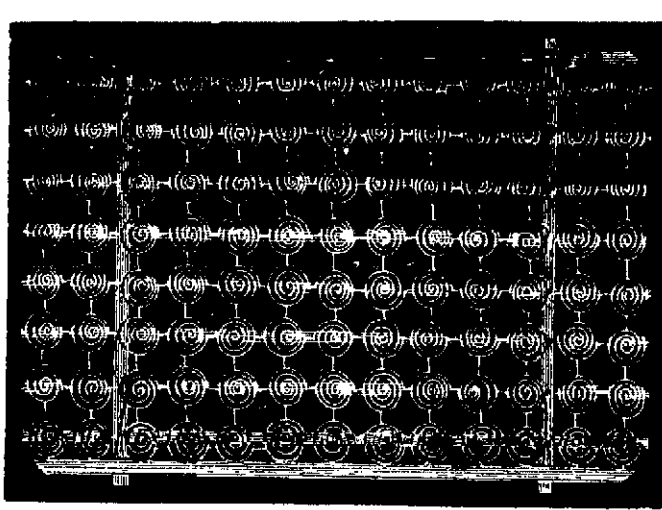
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Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

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AKRON SPRING BED BOTTOM.



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We want Live, Energetic and Capable Agents in every county in the United States and Canada, to sell a patent article of great merit, on ITS MERITS. An article having a large sale, paying over 100 per cent profit, having no competition, and on which the agent is protected in the exclusive sale by a deed given for each and every county he may secure from us. With all these advantages to our agents and the fact that it is an article that can be sold to every house-owner, it might not be necessary to make an "EXTRAORDINARY OFFER" to secure good agents at once, but we have concluded to make it to show, not only our confidence in the merits of our invention, but in its salubility by any agent that will handle it with energy. Our agents now at work are making from \$150 to \$500 a month clear and this fact makes it safe for us to make our offer to all who are out of employment. Any agent that will give our business a thirty days' trial and fail to clear at least \$100 in this time, ABOVE ALL EXPENSES, can return all goods unsold to us and we will refund the money paid for them. Any agent or general agent who would like ten or more counties and work them through sub-agents for ninety days and fail to clear at least \$750 ABOVE ALL EXPENSES, can return all unsold and get their money back. No other employer of agents ever dared to make such offers, nor would we if we did not know that we have agents now making more than double the amount we guaranteed; and but two sales a day would give a profit of over \$125 a month, and that one of our agents took eighteen orders in one day. Our large descriptive circulars explain our offer fully, and these we wish to send to everyone out of employment who will send us three one-cent stamps for postage. Send at once and secure the agency in time for the boom, and go to work on the terms named in our extraordinary offer. We would like to have the address of all the agents, sewing machine solicitors and carpenters in the country, and ask any reader of this paper who reads this offer, to send us at once the name and address of all such persons known. Address at once, or you will lose the best chance ever offered to those out of employment to make money. RENSER MANUFACTURING CO., 116 Smithfield St., Pittsburg, Pa.

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